THE PILOT;

A

TALE OF THE SEA.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "PIONEERS,"

&c. &c. &c.

List! ye landsmen all, to me.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

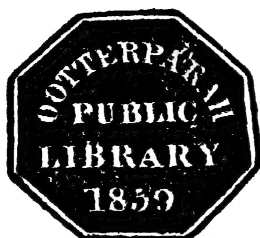
JOHN MILLER, 5 NEW BRIDGE STREET,

BLACKFRIARS.

1824.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



THE PILOT.

CHAPTER I.

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!"

Campbell.

Long and dreary did the hours appear to Barnstable, before the falling tide had so far receded, as to leave the sands entirely exposed to his search for the bodies of his lost shipmates. Several had been rescued from the wild fury of the waves themselves, and one by one, as the melancholy conviction that life had ceased was forced on the survivors, they had been decently interred, in graves dug on the very margin of that element on which they had passed their lives. But still the form longest known

and most beloved was missing, and the lieutenant paced the broad space that was now left between the foot of the cliffs and the raging ocean, with hurried strides and a feverish eye, watching and following those fragments of the wreck that the sea still continued to cast on the beach. Living and dead, he now found, that of those who had lately been in the Ariel, only two were missing. Of the former, he could muster but twelve, besides Merry and himself, and his men had already interred more than half that number of the latter, which, together, embraced all who had trusted their lives to the frail keeping of the whaleboat.

"Tell me not, boy, of the impossibility of his being safe," said Barnstable, in deep agitation, which he in vain struggled to conceal from the anxious youth, who thought it necessary to follow the uneasy motions of his commander, as he strode along the sands. "How often have men been found floating on pieces of wreck, days after the loss of their vessel? and you can see with your own eyes, that the falling

water has swept the planks this distance; ay, a good half league from where she struck. Does the look-out, from the top of the cliffs, make no signal of seeing him yet?"

"None, sir; none; we shall never see him again. The men say, that he always thought it sinful to desert a wreck, and that he did not even strike-out once for his life, though he has been known to swim an hour, when a whale has stove his boat. God knows, sir," added the boy, hastily dashing a tear from his eye, by a stolen movement of his hand, that was occasioned by the doubtful character of his years, "I loved Tom Coffin better than any foremast-man in either vessel. You seldom came aboard the frigate but we had him in the steerage among us reefers to hear his long-yarns, and share our cheer. We all loved him, Mr. Barnstable, but love cannot bring the dead to life again."

"I know it, I know it," said Barnstable, with a huskiness in his voice, that betrayed the depth of his emotion; "I am not so foolish as to believe in

impossibilities; but while there is a hope of his living, I will never abandon poor Tom Coffin to such a dreadful fate. Think, boy, he may, at this moment, be looking at us, and praying to his Maker that he would turn our eyes upon him; ay, praying to his God, for Tom often prayed, though he did it in his watch, standing, and in silence."

"If he had clung to life so strongly," returned the midshipman, "he would have struggled harder to preserve it."

Barnstable stopped short in his huried walk, and fastened a look of opening conviction on his companion; but as he was about to speak in reply, the shouts of the seamen reached his ears, and, turning, they saw the whole party running along the beach, and motioning, with violent gestures, to an intermediate point in the ocean. The lieutenant and Merry hurried back, and as they approached the men, they distinctly observed a human figure, borne along by the waves, at moments seeming to rise above them, and already floating in the last of the breakers. They had

hardly ascertained so much, when a heavy swell carried the inanimate body far upon the sands, where it was left by the retiring waters.

"'Tis my cockswain!" cried Barnstable, rushing to the spot. He stopped suddenly, however, as he came within view of the features, and it was some little time before he appeared to have collected his faculties sufficiently to add, in tones of deep horror—"what wretch is this, boy! his form is unmutilated, and yet observe the eyes! they seem as if the sockets would not contain them, and they gaze as wildly as if their owner yet had life—the hands are open and spread, as though they would still buffet the waves!"

"The Jonah! the Jonah!" shouted the seamen, with savage exultation, as they successively approached the corpse; "away with his carrion into the sea again! give him to the sharks! let him tell his lies in the claws of the lobsters!"

Barnstable had turned away from the revolting sight, in disgust, but when he discovered these indications of impotent

revenge, in the remnant of his crew, he said, in that voice, which all respected, and still obeyed—

"Stand back! back with ye, fellows! would you disgrace your manhood and seamanship, by wreaking your vengeance on him whom God has already in judgment!" A silent, but significant gesture towards the earth succeeded his words, and he walked slowly away.

"Bury him in the sand, boys," said Merry, when his commander was at some little distance; "the next tide will unearth him."

The seamen obeyed his orders, while the midshipman rejoined his commander, who continued to pace along the beach, occasionally halting, to throw his uneasy glances over the water, and then hurrying onward, at a rate that caused his youthful companion to exert his greatest power to maintain the post he had taken at his side. Every effort to discover the lost cockswain was, however, after two hours more search, abandoned as fruitless, and with reason; for the sea was never known

to give up the body of the man who might be, emphatically, called its own dead.

"There goes the sun, already dropping behind the cliffs," said the lieutenant, throwing himself on a rock; "and the hour will soon arrive to set the dog-watches; but we have nothing left to watch over, boy; the surf and rocks have not even left us a whole plank, that we may lay our heads on for the night."

"The men have gathered many articles on yon beach, sir," returned the lad; "they have found arms to defend ourselves with, and food to give us strength to use them."

"And who shall be our enemy?" asked Barnstable, bitterly; "shall we shoulder our dozen pikes, and carry England by boarding?"

"We may not lay the whole island under contribution," continued the boy, anxiously watching the expression of his commander's eye; "but we may still keep ourselves in work, until the cutter returns from the frigate. I hope, sir, you do not

think our case so desperate, as to intend yielding as prisoners."

"Prisoners!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "no, no lad, it has not got to that, yet! England has been able to wreck my craft, I must concede, but she has, as yet, obtained no other advantage over us. She was a precious model, Merry; the cleanest run, and the neatest entrance, that art ever united on the stem and stern of the same vessel! Do you remember the time, younker, when I gave the frigate my topsails, in beating out of the Chesapeake? I could always do it, in smooth water, with a whole-sail-breeze. But she was a frail thing! a frail thing, boy, and could bear but little."

"A mortar-ketch would have thumped to pieces where she lay," returned the midshipman.

"Ay, it was asking too much of her, to expect she could hold together on a bed of rocks. Merry, I loved her; dearly did I love her; she was my first command, and I knew and loved every timber and bolt in her beautiful frame!"

"I believe it is as natural, sir, for a seaman to love the wood and iron in which he has floated over the depths of the ocean for so many days and nights," rejoined the boy, "as it is for a father to love the members of his own family."

"Quite, quite, ay, more so," said Barnstable, speaking as if he were choaked by emotion. Merry felt the heavy grasp of the lieutenant on his slight arm, while his commander continued, in a voice that gradually increased in power, as his feelings predominated; "and yet, boy, a human being cannot love the creature of his own formation as he does the works of God; a man can never regard his ship as he does his shipmates. I sailed with him, boy, when every thing seemed bright and happy, as at your age; when, as he often expressed it, I knew nothing and feared nothing. I was then a truant from an old father and a kind mother, and he did that for me, which no parents could have done in my situation—he was my father and mother on the deep!—hours, days, even months, has he passed

in teaching me the art of our profession; and now in my manhood, he has followed me from ship to ship, from sea to sea, and has only quitted me to die, where I should have died—as if he felt the disgrace of abandoning the poor Ariel to her fate, by herself!"

"No —no—no—'twas hi ssuperstitious pride!" interrupted Merry; but perceiving that the head of Barnstable had sunk between his hands, as if he would conceal his emotion, the boy added no more, but he sat respectfully watching the display of feeling that his officer, in vain, endeavoured to suppress. Merry felt his own form quiver with sympathy at the shuddering which passed through Barnstable's frame; and the relief experienced by the lieutenant himself, was not greater than that which the midshipman felt, as the latter beheld large tears forcing their way through the other's fingers, and falling on the sands at his feet. They were followed by a violent burst of emotion, such as is seldom exhibited in the meridian of life, but which, when it conquers the nature

of one who has buffeted the chances of the world with the loftiness of his sex and character, breaks down every barrier, and seems to sweep before it, like a rushing torrent, all the factitious defences which habit and education have created to protect the pride of manhood. Merry had often beheld the commanding severity of the lieutenant's manner, in moments of danger, with deep respect; he had been drawn towards him by kindness and affection, in times of gaiety and recklessness; but he now sate, for many minutes, profoundly silent, regarding his officer with sensations that were nearly allied to awe. The struggle with himself was long and severe in the bosom of Barnstable, but at length a calm of relieved passions succeeded to his emotion. When he arose from the rock, and removed his hands from his features, his eye was hard and proud, his brow slightly contracted, and he spoke in a voice so harsh, that it startled his companion—

"Come, sir; why are we here, and idle? are not yon poor fellows looking up

to us for advice, and orders how to proceed in this exigency? Away, away, Mr. Merry; it is not a time to be drawing figures in the sand with your dirk; the flood-tide will soon be in, and we may be glad to hide our heads in some cavern among these rocks. Let us be stirring, sir, while we have the sun, and muster enough food and arms to keep life in us, and our enemies off us, until we can once more get afloat."

The wondering boy, whose experience had not yet taught him to appreciate the re-action of the passions, started at this unexpected summons to his duty, and followed Barnstable towards the group of distant seamen. The lieutenant, who was instantly conscious how far pride had rendered him unjust, soon moderated his long strides, and continued in milder tones, which were quickly converted into his usual frank communications, though they still remained tinged with a melancholy, that time only could entirely remove—

"We have been unlucky, Mr. Merry, but we need not despair—these lads have

gotten together abundance of supplies, I see; and, with our arms, we can easily make ourselves masters of some of the enemy's smaller craft, and find our way back to the frigate, when this gale has blown itself out. We must keep ourselves close, though, or we shall have the red-coats coming down upon us, like so many sharks around a wreck. Ah! God bless her, Merry! there is not such a sight to be seen on the whole beach as two of her planks holding together."

The midshipman, without adverting to this sudden allusion to their vessel, prudently pursued the train of ideas, in which his commander had started.

"There is an opening into the country, but a short distance south of us, where a brook empties into the sea," he said. "We might find a cover in it, or in the wood above, into which it leads, until we can have a survey of the coast, or can seize some vessel to carry us off."

"There would be a satisfaction in waiting till the morning watch, and then carrying that accursed battery, which took off the better leg of the poor Ariel!" said

the lieutenant—"the thing might be done, boy; and we could hold the work too, until the Alacrity and the frigate draw into land."

"If you prefer storming works to boarding vessels, there is a fortress of stone, Mr. Barnstable, which lies directly on our beam. I could see it through the haze, when I was on the cliffs, stationing the look-out—and—"

"And what, boy? speak without fear; this is a time for free consultation."

"Why, sir, the garrison might not be all hostile—we should liberate Mr. Griffith and the marine; besides—"

"Besides what, sir?"

"I should have an opportunity, perhaps, of seeing my cousin Cecilia, and my Cousin Katherine."

The countenance of Barnstable grew animated as he listened, and he answered, with something of his usual cheerful manner—

"Ay, that, indeed, would be a work worth carrying! and the rescuing of our shipmates, and the marines, would read like a thing of military discretion—ha! boy! all the rest would be incidental, younker;

like the capture of the fleet, after you have whipped the convoy."

"I do suppose, sir, that if the Abbey be taken, Colonel Howard will own himself a prisoner of war."

"And Colonel Howard's wards! now, there is good sense in this scheme of thine, Master Merry, and I will give it proper reflection. But here are our poor fellows; speak cheeringly to them, sir, that we may hold them in temper for our enterprise."

Barnstable and the midshipman joined their shipwrecked companions, with that air of authority which is seldem wanting between the superior and the inferior, in nautical intercourse, but at the same time, with a kindness of speech and looks, that might have been a little increased by their critical situation. After partaking of the food which had been selected from among the fragments that still lay scattered, for more than a mile, along the beach, the lieutenant directed the seamen to arm themselves with such weapons as offered, and, also, to make a sufficient provision, from the schooner's stores, to last them

for four-and-twenty hours longer. These orders were soon executed; and the whole party, led by Barnstable and Merry, proceeded along the foot of the cliffs, in quest of the opening in the rocks, through which the little rivulet found a passage to the ocean. The weather contributed, as much as the seclusion of the spot, to prevent any discovery of the small party, which pursued its object with a disregard of caution that might, under other circumstances, have proved fatal to its safety. Barnstable paused in his march when they had all entered the deep ravine, and ascended nearly to the brow of the precipice, that formed one of its sides, to take a last and more scrutinizing survey of the sea. His countenance exhibited the abandonment of all hope, as his eye moved slowly from the northern to the southern boundary of the horizon, and he prepared to pursue his march, by moving, reluctantly, up the stream, when the boy, who still clung to his side, exclaimed—

"Sail ho! It must be the frigate in the offing!"

"A sail!" repeated his commander; "whereaway do you see a sail in this tempest? Can there be another as hardy and unfortunate as ourselves!"

"Look to the starboard hand of the point of rock to windward!" cried the boy; "now you lose it—ah! now the sun falls upon it! 'tis a sail, sir, as sure as canvas can be spread in such a gale!"

"I see what you mean," returned the other, "but it seems a gull, skimming the sea! nay, now it rises, indeed, and shows itself like a bellying topsail; pass up that glass, lads; here is a fellow in the offing who may prove a friend."

Merry waited the result of the lieutenant's examination with youthful impatience, and did not fail to ask, immediately—

"Can you make it out, sir? is it the ship or the cutter?"

"Come, there seemeth yet some hope left for us, boy," returned Barnstable, closing the glass; "'tis a ship, lying-to under her main-topsail. If one did but dare show himself on these heights, he

might raise her hull, and make sure of her character! But I think I know her spars, though even her topsail dips, at times, when there is nothing to be seen but her bare poles, and they shortened by her top-gallant-masts."

"One would swear," said Merry, laughing, as much through the excitement produced by this intelligence, as at his conceit, "that Captain Munson would never carry wood aloft, when he can't carry canvas. I remember, one night, Mr. Griffith was a little vexed, and said, around the capstan, he believed the next order would be, to rig in the bowsprit, and house lower-masts!"

"Ay, ay, Griffith is a lazy dog, and sometimes gets lost in the fogs of his own thoughts," said Barnstable; "and I suppose old Moderate was in a breeze. However, this looks as if he were in earnest; he must have kept the ship away, or she would never have been where she is; I do verily believe the old gentleman remembers that he has a few of his officers and men on this accursed island. This is well,

Merry, for should we take the Abbey, we have a place at hand in which to put our prisoners."

"We must have patience till the morning," added the boy, "for no boat would attempt to land in such a sea."

"No boat could land! The best boat that ever floated, boy, has sunk in these breakers! But the wind lessens, and before morning, the sea will fall. Let us on, and find a berth for our poor lads, where they can be made more comfortable."

The two officers now descended from their elevation, and led the way still further up the deep and narrow dell, until, as the ground rose gradually before them, they found themselves in a dense wood, on a level with the adjacent country.

"Here should be a ruin at hand, if I have kept a true reckoning, and know my courses and distances," said Barnstable; "I have a chart about me, that speaks of such a land-mark."

The lieutenant turned away from the

laughing expression of the boy's eye, as the latter archly inquired—

"Was it made by one who knows the coast well, sir? or was it done by some school-boy, to learn his maps, as the girls work samplers?"

"Come, younker, no sampler of your impudence. But look ahead; can you see any habitation that has been deserted?"

"Ay, sir, here is a pile of stones before us, that looks as dirty and ragged, as if it was a soldier's barrack; can this be what you seek?"

"Faith, this has been a whole town in its day! we should call it a city in America, and furnish it with a mayor, aldermen, and recorder—you might stow old Faneuil-Hall in one of its lockers."

With this sort of careless dialogue, which Barnstable engaged in, that his men might discover no alteration in his manner, they approached the mouldering walls that had proved so frail a protection to the party under Griffith.

A short time was passed in examining

the premises, when the wearied seamen took possession of one of the dilapidated apartments, and disposed themselves to seek that rest of which they had been deprived by the momentous occurrences of the past night.

Barnstable waited until the loud breathing of the seamen assured him that they slept, when he aroused the drowsy boy, who was fast losing his senses in the same sort of oblivion, and motioned to him to follow. Merry arose, and they stole together from the apartment, with guarded steps, and penetrated more deeply into the gloomy recesses of the place.

CHAPTER II.

> Mercury—" I permit thee to be Sosia again."
>
> *Dryden.*

WE must leave the two adventurers winding their way among the broken piles, and venturing boldly beneath the tottering arches of the ruin, to conduct the reader, at the same hour, within the more comfortable walls of the Abbey; where, it will be remembered, Borroughcliffe was left, in a condition of very equivocal ease. As the earth had, however, in the interval, nearly run its daily round, circumstances had intervened to release the soldier from his confinement—and no one, ignorant of the fact, would suppose, that the gentleman who was now seated at the hospitiable board of Colonel Howard, directing, with so much discretion, the energies of

his masticators to the delicacies of the feast, could read, in his careless air and smiling visage, that those foragers of nature had been so recently condemned, for four long hours, to the mortification of discussing the barren subject of his own sword-hilt. Borroughcliffe, however, maintained not only his usual post, but his well-earned reputation at the table, with his ordinary coolness of demeanour ; though, at times, there were passing smiles, that crossed his military aspect, which sufficiently indicated, that he considered the matter of his reflection to be of a particularly ludicrous character. In the young man, who sat by his side, dressed in the deep blue jacket of a seaman, with the fine, clean linen of his collar contrasting strongly with a black silk handkerchief, that was tied, with studied negligence, around his neck, and whose easy air and manner contrasted still more strongly with this attire, the reader will discover Griffith. The captive paid much less devotion to the viands than his neighbour, though he affected more attention to the business of the table than he actually

bestowed, with a sort of consciousness that it would relieve the blushing maiden who presided. The laughing eyes of Katherine Plowden were glittering by the side of the mild countenance of Alice Dunscombe, and, at times, were fastened, in droll interest, on the rigid and upright exterior that Captain Manual maintained, directly opposite to where she was seated. A chair had also been placed for Dillon—of course it was vacant.

"And so, Borroughcliffe," cried Colonel Howard, with a freedom of voice, and a vivacity in his air, that announced the increasing harmony of the repast, "the sea-*dog left you nothing to chew but the cud of your resentment!*"

"That and my sword-hilt!" returned the immoveable recruiting officer; "gentlemen, I know not how your Congress rewards military achievements; but if that worthy fellow were in my company, he should have a halberd within a week—spurs I would not offer him, for he affects to spurn their use."

Griffith smiled, and bowed in silence to

the liberal compliment of Borroughcliffe; but Manual took on himself the task of replying—

"Considering the drilling the man has received, his conduct has been well enough, sir; though a well-trained soldier would not only have made prisoners, but he would have secured them."

"I perceive, my good comrade, that your thoughts are running on the exchange," said Borroughcliffe, good humouredly; "we will fill, sir, and, by permission of the ladies, drink to a speedy restoration of rights to both parties—the statu quo ante bellum."

"With all my heart," cried the colonel; "and Cicily and Miss Katherine will pledge the sentiment in a woman's sip; will ye not, my fair wards?—Mr. Griffith, I honour this proposition of yours, which will not only liberate yourself, but restore to us my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon. Kit had imagined the thing well; ha! Borroughcliffe! 'twas ingeniously contrived, but the fortune of war interposed itself to his success; and yet it is a deep

and inexplicable mystery to me, how Kit should have been conducted from the Abbey with so little noise, and without raising the alarm."

"Christopher is a man who understands the philosophy of silence, as well as that of rhetoric," returned Borroughcliffe, "and must have learned, in his legal studies, that it is sometimes necessary to conduct matters sub silentio. You smile at my Latin, Miss Plowden; but, really, since I have become an inhabitant of this Monkish abode, my little learning is stimulated to unwonted efforts—nay, you are pleased to be yet more merry! I used the language, because silence is a theme in which you ladies take but little pleasure."

Katherine, however, disregarded the slight pique that was apparent in the soldier's manner; but, after following the train of her own thoughts in silent enjoyment for a moment longer, she seemed to yield to their drollery, and laughed, until her dark eyes flashed with merriment. Cecilia did not assume the severe gravity with which she sometimes endeavoured to re-

press, what she thought, the unseasonable mirth of her cousin, and the wondering Griffith fancied, as he glanced his eye from one to the other, that he could discern a suppressed smile playing among the composed features of Alice Dunscombe. Katherine, however, soon succeeded in repressing the paroxysm, and, with an air of infinitely comic gravity, she replied to the remark of the soldier—

" I think I have heard of such a process in nautical affairs as towing; but I must appeal to Mr. Griffith for the correctness of the term?"

" You could not speak with more accuracy," returned the young sailor, with a look that sent the conscious blood to the temples of the lady, " though you had made marine terms your study."

" The profession requires less thought, perhaps than you imagine, sir; but is this towing often done, as Captain Borroughcliffe—I beg his pardon—as the Monks have it, sub silentio?"

" Spare me, fair lady," cried the captain, " and we will establish a compact of

mutual grace; you to forgive my learning, and I to suppress my suspicions."

"Suspicions, sir, is a word that a lady must defy."

"And defiance a challenge that a soldier can never receive; so, I must submit to talk English, though the fathers of the church were my companions. I suspect that Miss Plowden has it in her power to explain the manner of Mr. Christopher Dillon's departure."

The lady did not reply, but a second burst of merriment succeeded, of a liveliness and duration quite equal to the former.

"How's this!" exclaimed the colonel; "permit me to say, Miss Plowden, your mirth is very extraordinary! I trust no disrespect has been offered to my kinsman? Mr. Griffith, our terms are, that the exchange shall only be made on condition that equally good treatment has been extended to the parties!"

"If Mr. Dillon can complain of no greater evil than that of being laughed at by Miss Plowden, sir, he has reason to call himself a happy fellow."

"I know not, sir; God forbid that I should forget what is due to my guests, gentlemen— but ye have entered my dwelling as foes to my prince."

"But not to Colonel Howard, sir."

"I know no difference, Mr. Griffith. King George or Colonel Howard—Colonel Howard or King George. Our feelings, our fortunes, and our fate, is as one; with the mighty odds that Providence has established between the prince and his people! I wish no other fortune than to share, at a humble distance, the weal or woe of my sovereign!"

"You are not called upon, dear sir, to do either, by the thoughtlessness of us ladies," said Cecilia, rising; "but here comes one who should turn our thoughts to a more important subject—our dress."

Politeness induced Colonel Howard, who both loved and respected his niece, to defer his remarks to another time; and Katherine, springing from her chair, with childish eagerness, flew to the side of her cousin, who was directing a servant that had an-

nounced to her the arrival of one of those erratic vendors of small articles, who supply, in remote districts of the country, the places of more regular traders, to show the lad into the dining-parlour. The repast was so far ended as to render this interruption less objectionable, and as all felt the object of Cecilia to be the restoration of harmony, the boy was ushered into the room without further delay. The contents of his small basket, consisting chiefly of essences, and the smaller articles of female economy, were playfully displayed on the table by Katherine, who declared herself the patroness of the itinerant youth, and who laughingly appealed to the liberality of the gentlemen in behalf of her protegée.

"You perceive, my dear guardian, that the boy must be loyal; for he offers here perfume that is patronized by no less than two royal dukes! do suffer me to place a box aside for your especial use? you consent; I see it in your eye. And, Captain Borroughcliffe, as you appear to be forgetting the use of your own language, here

is even a horn-book for you! How admirably provided he seems to be! You must have had St. Ruth in view when you laid in your stock, child?"

"Yes, my lady," the boy replied, with a bow that was studiously awkward; "I have often heard of the grand ladies that dwell in the old abbey, and I have journeyed a few miles beyond my rounds to gain their custom."

"And surely they cannot disappoint you. Miss Howard, that is a palpable hint to your purse, and I know not that even Miss Alice can escape contribution in these troublesome times. Come, aid me, child; what have you to recommend, in particular, to the favour of these ladies?"

The lad approached the basket, and rummaged its contents, for a moment, with the appearance of deep, mercenary interest, and then, without lifting his hand from the confusion he had caused, he said, while he exhibited something to the view of his smiling observer—

"This, my lady."

Katherine started, and glanced her eye, with a piercing look, at the countenance of the boy, and then turned them, uneasily, from face to face, with conscious timidity. Cecilia had effected her object, and had resumed her seat in silent abstraction—Alice was listening to the remarks of Captain Manual and the host, as they discussed the propriety of certain military usages—Griffith seemed to hold communion with his mistress, by imitating her silence; but Katherine, in her stolen glances, met the keen look of Borroughcliffe, fastened on her face, in a manner that did not fail to suspend the scrutiny.

"Come, Cecilia," she cried, after a pause of a moment, "we trespass too long on the patience of the gentlemen; not only to keep possession of our seats ten minutes after the cloth has been drawn, but even to introduce our essences, and tapes, and needles, among the Madeira, and—shall I add, cigars, colonel?"

"Not while we are favoured with the company of Miss Plowden, certainly."

"Come, my coz; I perceive the colonel is growing particularly polite, which is a never-failing sign that he tires of our presence."

Cecilia rose, and was leading the way to the door, when Katherine turned to the lad, and added—

"You can follow us to the drawing-room, child, where we can make our purchases without exposing the mystery of our good looks."

"Miss Plowden has forgotten my horn-book, I believe," said Borroughcliffe, advancing from the standing group who surrounded the table; "possibly I can find some work better fitted for the improvement of a grown-up young gentleman, than this elementary treatise, in the basket of the boy."

Cecilia, observing him to take the basket from the lad, resumed her seat, and her example was necessarily followed by Katherine, though not without some manifest indications of vexation.

"Come hither, boy, and explain the uses of your wares. This is soap, and this a

penknife, I know; but what name do you affix to this?"

"That? that is tape," returned the lad, with an impatience that might very naturally be attributed to the interruption that was thus given to his trade.

"And this?"

"That?" repeated the stripling, pausing, with a hesitation between sulkyness and doubt; "that?—"

"Come, this is a little ungallant!" cried Katherine, "to keep three ladies dying with impatience to possess themselves of their finery, while you detain the boy to ask the name of a tambouring-needle!"

"I should apologize for asking questions that are so easily answered; but perhaps he will find the next more difficult to solve," returned Borroughcliffe, placing the subject of his inquiries in the palm of his hand in such a manner as to conceal it from all but the boy and himself. "This has a name, too; what is it?"

"That?—that—is sometimes called—white-line."

"Perhaps you mean a white lie?"

"How, sir!" exclaimed the lad, a little fiercely, "a lie!"

"Only a white one," returned the captain. "What do you call this, Miss Dunscombe?"

"We call it bobbin, sir, generally, in the north," said the placid Alice.

"Ay, bobbin, or white-line; they are the same thing," added the young trader.

"They are! I think, now, for a professional man, you know but little of the terms of your art," observed Borroughcliffe, with an affectation of irony; "I never have seen a youth of your years who knew less. What names, now, would you affix to this, and this, and this?"

While the captain was yet speaking, he drew from his pockets the several instruments that the cockswain had made use of, the preceding night, to secure his prisoner.

"That," exclaimed the lad, with the eagerness of one who would vindicate his reputation, "is ratlin stuff; and this is marline; and that is sennit."

"Enough, enough," said Borroughcliffe, "you have exhibited sufficient knowledge to convince me that you *do* know something of your *trade*, and nothing of these articles. Mr. Griffith, do you claim this boy?"

"I believe I must, sir," said the young sea-officer, who had been intently listening to the examination. "On whatever errand you have ventured here, Mr. Merry, it is useless to affect further concealment."

"Merry!" exclaimed Cecilia Howard; "is it you, then, my cousin? are you, too, fallen into the power of your enemies! was it not enough that—"

The young lady recovered her recollection in time to suppress the remainder of the sentence, though the grateful expression of Griffith's eye sufficiently indicated that he had, in his thoughts, filled the sentence with expressions abundantly flattering to his own feelings.

"How's this, again!" cried the colonel; "my two wards embracing and fondling a vagrant, vagabond pedlar, before mine

eyes! is this treason, Mr. Griffith? or what means the extraordinary visit of this young gentleman?"

"Is it extraordinary, sir," said Merry himself, losing his assumed awkwardness, in the ease and confidence of one whose faculties had been early exercised, "that a boy, like myself, destitute of mother and sisters, should take a little risk on himself, to visit the only two female relatives he has in the world?"

"Why this disguise, then? surely, young gentleman, it was unnecessary to enter the dwelling of old George Howard, on such an errand, clandestinely, even though your tender years have been practised on, to lead you astray from your allegiance. Mr. Griffith and Captain Manual must pardon me, if I express sentiments, at my own table, that they may find unpleasant; but this business requires us to be explicit."

"The hospitality of Colonel Howard is unquestionable," returned the boy, "but he has a great reputation for his loyalty to the crown."

"Ay, young gentleman; and, I trust, with some justice."

"Would it, then, be safe, to intrust my person in the hands of one who might think it his duty to detain me?"

"This is plausible enough, Captain Borroughcliffe, and I doubt not the boy speaks with candour. I would, now, that my kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon, were here, that I might learn if it would be misprision of treason, to permit this youth to depart, unmolested, and without exchange?"

"Inquire of the young gentleman after the Cacique," returned the recruiting officer, who, apparently satisfied in producing the exposure of Merry, had resumed his seat at the table; "perhaps he is, in verity, an ambassador, empowered to treat on behalf of his highness."

"How say you, sir," demanded the colonel; "do you know any thing of my kinsman?"

The anxious eyes of the whole party were fastened on the boy, for many moments, witnessing the sudden change from

careless freedom to deep horror, expressed in his countenance. At length he uttered, in an under tone, the secret of Dillon's fate.

"He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated every voice in the room.

"Yes, dead," said the boy, gazing at the pallid faces of those who surrounded him.

A long and fearful silence succeeded the announcement of this intelligence, which was only interrupted by Griffith, who said—

"Explain the manner of his death, sir, and where his body lies."

"His body lies interred in the sands," returned Merry, with a deliberation that proceeded from an opening perception, that if he uttered too much, he might betray the loss of the Ariel, and, consequently, endanger the liberty of Barnstable.

"In the sands!" was echoed from every part of the room.

"Ay, in the sands; but how he died, I cannot explain."

"He has been murdered!" exclaimed Colonel Howard, whose command of utterance was now amply restored to him; "he has been treacherously, and dastardly, and basely murdered!"

"He has *not* been murdered," said the boy, firmly; "nor did he meet his death among those who deserve either the name of traitors or of dastards."

"Said you not that he was dead? that my kinsman was buried in the sands of the sea-shore?"

"Both are true, sir—"

"And you refuse to explain how he met his death, and why he has been thus ignominiously interred?"

"He received his interment by my orders, sir; and if there be ignomy about his grave, his own acts have heaped it on him. As to the manner of his death, I cannot, and will not speak."

"Be calm, my cousin," said Cecilia, in an imploring voice; "respect the age of

my uncle, and remember his strong attachment to Mr. Dillon."

The veteran had, however, so far mastered his feelings, as to continue the dialogue with more recollection.

"Mr. Griffith," he said, "I shall not act hastily—you and your companion will be pleased to retire to your several apartments. I will so far respect the son of my brother Harry's friend, as to believe that your parole will be sacred. Go, gentlemen; you are unguarded."

The two prisoners bowed low to the ladies and their host, and retired. Griffith, however, lingered a moment on the threshold, to say—

"Colonel Howard, I leave the boy to your kindness and consideration. I know you will not forget that his blood mingles with that of one who is most dear to you."

"Enough, enough, sir," said the veteran, waving his hand to him to retire; "and you, ladies; this is not a place for you, either."

"Never will I quit this child," said Katherine, "while such a horrid imputa-

tion lies on him. Colonel Howard, act your pleasure on us both, for I suppose you have the power, but his fate shall be my fate."

"There is, I trust, some misconception in this melancholy affair," said Borroughcliffe, advancing into the centre of the agitated group; "and I should hope, by calmness and moderation, all may yet be explained. Young gentleman, you have borne arms, and must know, notwithstanding your youth, what it is to be in the power of your enemies."

"Never!" returned the proud boy; "I am a captive for the first time."

"I speak, Sir, in reference to our power."

"You may order me to a dungeon; or, as I have entered the Abbey in disguise, possibly to a gibbet."

"And is that fate to be met so calmly by one so young!"

"You dare not do it, Captain Borroughcliffe," cried Katherine, involuntarily throwing an arm around the boy, as if to shield him from harm; "you would blush

to think of such a cold-blooded act of vengeance, Colonel Howard."

"If we could examine the young man, where the warmth of feeling which these ladies exhibit might not be excited," said the Captain, apart to his host, "we should gain important intelligence."

"Miss Howard, and you, Miss Plowden," said the veteran, in a manner that long habit had taught his wards to respect, "your young kinsman is not in the keeping of savages, and you can safely confide him to my custody. I am sorry that we have so long kept Miss Alice standing, but she will find relief on the couches of your drawing-room, Cecilia."

Cecilia and Katherine permitted themselves to be conducted to the door, by their polite, but determined guardian, where he bowed to their retiring persons, with the exceeding courtesy that he never failed to use, when in the least excited.

"You appear to know your danger, Mr. Merry," said Borroughcliffe, after the door was closed; "I trust you also

know what duty would dictate to one in my situation."

"Do it, sir," returned the boy; "you have a king to render an account to, and I have a country."

"I may have a country also," said Borroughcliffe, with a calmness that was not in the least disturbed by the taunting air with which the youth delivered himself. "It is possible for me, however, to be lenient, even merciful, when the interests of that prince to whom you allude are served.—You came not on this enterprize alone, sir?"

"Had I come better attended, Captain Borroughcliffe might have heard these questions, instead of putting them."

"I am happy, sir, that your retinue has been so small; and yet, even the rebel schooner called the Ariel might have furnished you with a more becoming attendance. I cannot but think, that you are not far distant from your friends."

"He is near his enemies, your honour," said Sergeant Drill, who had entered the

room unobserved; "for here is a boy who says he has been seized in the old ruin, and robbed of his goods and clothes; and, by his description, this lad should be the thief."

Borroughcliffe signed to the boy, who stood in the back ground, to advance, and he was instantly obeyed, with all that eagerness which a sense of injury on the part of the sufferer could excite. The tale of this unexpected intruder was soon told, and was briefly this:—

He had been assaulted by a man and a boy, (the latter was in presence) while arranging his effects, in the ruin, preparatory to exhibiting them to the ladies of the Abbey, and had been robbed of such part of his attire as the boy had found necessary for his disguise, together with his basket of valuables. He had been put into an apartment of an old tower, by the man, for safe keeping; but as the latter frequently ascended to its turret, to survey the country, he had availed himself of this remissness, to escape. And, to conclude,

he demanded a restoration of his property, and vengeance for his wrongs.

Merry heard his loud and angry details with scornful composure, and before the offended pedlar was through his narrative, had divested himself of his borrowed garments, which he threw to the other, with singular disdain.

"We are beleaguered, mine host! beset! besieged!" cried Borroughcliffe, when the other had ended. "Here is a rare plan to rob us of our laurels! ay, and of our rewards! but, harkye, Drill! they have old soldiers to deal with, and we shall look into the matter. One would wish to triumph on foot; you understand me?—there was no horse in the battle. Go, fellow, I see you grow wiser; take this young gentleman—and remember *he is* a young gentleman—put him in safe keeping, but see him supplied with all he wants."

Borroughcliffe bowed politely to the haughty bend of the body with which Merry, who now began to think himself a martyr to his country, followed the orderly from the room.

"There is mettle in the lad!" exclaimed the captain; "and if he live to get a beard, 'twill be a hardy dog who ventures to pluck it. I am glad, mine host, that this 'wandering Jew' has arrived, to save the poor fellow's feelings, for I detest tampering with such a noble spirit. I saw, by his eye, that he had squinted oftener over a gun, than through a needle!"

"But they have murdered my kinsman! the loyal, the learned, the ingenious Mr. Christopher Dillon!"

"If they have done so, they shall be made to answer it," said Borroughcliffe, re-seating himself at the table, with a coolness that furnished a pledge of the impartiality of his judgment; "but let us learn the facts, before we do aught hastily."

Colonel Howard was fain to comply with so reasonable a proposition, and he resumed his chair, while his companion proceeded to institute a close examination of the pedlar boy.

We shall defer, until the proper time may

arrive, recording the result of his enquiries; but shall so far satisfy the curiosity of our readers, as to tell them, that the captain learned sufficient to convince him, a very serious attempt was meditated on the Abbey; and, as he thought, enough, also, to enable him to avert the danger.

CHAPTER III.

——— "I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love."
Merchant of Venice.

CECILIA and Katherine separated from Alice Dunscombe in the lower gallery of the cloisters; and the cousins ascended to the apartment which was assigned them as a dressing-room. The intensity of feeling that was gradually accumulating in the breasts of the ladies, as circumstances brought those in whom their deepest interests were centered, into situations of extreme delicacy, if not of actual danger, perhaps, in some measure, prevented them from experiencing all that concern which the detection and arrest of Merry might be supposed to excite. The boy, like themselves, was an only child of one of those three sisters, who caused the close

connexion between so many of our characters, and his tender years had led his cousins to regard him with an affection that exceeded the ordinary interest of such an affinity; but they knew, that in the hands of Colonel Howard his person was safe, though his liberty might be endangered. When the first emotions, therefore, which were created by his sudden appearance, after so long an absence, had subsided, their thoughts were rather occupied by the consideration of what consequences, to others, might proceed from his arrest, than by any reflections on the midshipman's actual condition. Secluded from the observations of any strange eyes, the two maidens indulged their feelings, without restraint, according to their several temperaments. Katherine moved to and fro, in the apartment, with feverish anxiety, while Miss Howard, by concealing her countenance under the ringlets of her luxuriant, dark hair, and shading her eyes with a fair hand, seemed to be willing to commune with her thoughts more quietly.

" Barnstable cannot be far distant," said the former, after a few minutes had passed ; " for he never would have sent that child on such an errand, by himself!"

Cecilia raised her mild blue eyes to the countenance of her cousin, as she answered,

" All thoughts of an exchange must now be abandoned ; and perhaps the persons of the prisoners will be held as pledges, to answer for the life of Dillon."

" Can the wretch be dead! or is it merely a threat, or some device of that urchin ? he is a forward child, and would not hesitate to speak and act boldly, on emergency."

" He is dead !" returned Cecilia, veiling her face again, in horror ; " the eyes of the boy, his whole countenance, confirmed his words! I fear, Katherine, that Mr. Barnstable has suffered his resentment to overcome his discretion, when he learned the treachery of Dillon ; surely, surely, though the hard usages of war may justify so dreadful a revenge on an enemy, it was unkind to forget the condition of his own friends !"

"Mr. Barnstable has done neither, Miss Howard," said Katherine, checking her uneasy footsteps, her light form swelling with pride; "Mr. Barnstable is equally incapable of murdering an enemy, or of deserting a friend!"

"But retaliation is neither deemed nor called murder, by men in arms."

"Think it what you will, call it what you will, Cecilia Howard, I will pledge my life, that Richard Barnstable has the blood of none but the open enemies of his country to answer for."

"The miserable man may have fallen a sacrifice to the anger of that terrific seaman, who led him hence as a captive!"

"That terrific seaman, Miss Howard, has a heart as tender as your own. He is—"

"Nay, Katherine," interrupted Cecilia! "you chide me unkindly; let us not add to our unavoidable misery, by such harsh contention."

"I do not contend with you, Cecilia! I merely defend the absent and the innocent from your unkind suspicions, my cousin."

"Say, rather, your sister," returned Miss Howard, as their hands involuntarily closed upon each other, "for we are surely sisters! But let us strive to think of something less horrible. Poor, poor Dillon! now that he has met a fate so terrible, I can even fancy him less artful and more upright than we had thought him! You agree with me, Katherine, I see by your countenance, and we will dwell no longer on the subject.—Katherine! my cousin Kate, what see you?"

Miss Plowden, as she relinquished her pressure of the hand of Cecilia, had renewed her walk with a more regulated step; but she was yet making her first turn across the room, when her eyes became keenly set on the opposite window, and her whole frame was held in an attitude of absorbed attention. The rays of the setting sun fell bright upon her dark glances, which seemed fastened on some distant object, and gave an additional glow to the mantling colour that was slowly stealing, across her cheeks, to her temples. Such a sudden alteration in the manner

and appearance of her companion, had not failed to catch the attention of Cecilia, who, in consequence, interrupted herself by the agitated question we have related. Katherine slowly beckoned her companion to her side, and, pointing in the direction of the wood that lay in view, she said—

"See yon tower, in the ruin! Do you observe those small spots of pink and yellow that are fluttering above its walls?"

"I do. They are the lingering remnants of the foliage of some tree; but they want the vivid tints which grace the autumn of our own dear America!"

"One is the work of God, and the other has been produced by the art of man. Cecilia, those are no leaves, but they are my own childish signals, and without doubt Barnstable himself is on that ruined tower. Merry, cannot, will not, betray him!"

"My life should be a pledge for the honour of our little cousin," said Cecilia. "But you have the telescope of my uncle at hand, ready for such an event! one look through it will ascertain the truth—"

Katherine sprang to the spot where the instrument stood, and with eager hands she prepared it for the necessary observation.

"It is he!" she cried the instant her eye was put to the glass. "I even see his head above the stones. How unthinking to expose himself so unnecessarily!"

"But what says he, Katherine!" exclaimed Cecilia; "you alone can interpret his meaning."

The little book which contained the explanations of Miss Plowden's signals was now hastily produced, and its leaves rapidly run over in quest of the necessary number.

"'Tis only a question to gain my attention. I must let him know he is observed."

When Katherine, as much to indulge her secret propensities, as with any hope of its usefulness, had devised this plan for communicating with Barnstable, she had, luckily, not forgotten to arrange the necessary means to reply to his interrogatories. A very simple arrangement of some of the

ornamental cords of the window-curtains, enabled her to effect this purpose; and her nimble fingers soon fastened the pieces of silk to the lines, which were now thrown into the air, when these signals in miniature were instantly displayed in the breeze.

"He sees them!" cried Cecilia, "and is preparing to change his flags."

"Keep then your eye on him, my cousin, and tell me the colours that he shows, with their order, and I will endeavour to read his meaning."

"He is as expert as yourself! There are two more of them fluttering above the stones again: the upper is white, and the lower black."

"White over black," repeated Katherine, rapidly, to herself, as she turned the leaves of her book.—"'*My messenger: has he been seen?*'—To that we must answer the unhappy truth. Here it is—yellow, white, and red—'*he is a prisoner.*' How fortunate that I should have prepared such a question and answer. What says he, Cecilia, to this news?"

"He is busy making his changes, dear.

Nay, Katherine, you shake so violently as to move the glass! Now he is done; 'tis yellow over black, this time."

"'*Griffith, or who?*' He does not understand us; but I had thought of the poor boy, in making out the numbers—ah! here it is; yellow, green, and red,—'*my cousin Merry.*'—He cannot fail to understand us now."

"He has already taken in his flags. The news seems to alarm him, for he is less expert than before. He shows them now—they are green, red, and yellow."

"The question is, '*Am I safe?*'" "'Tis that which made him tardy, Miss Howard," continued Katherine. "Barnstable is ever slow to consult his safety. But how shall I answer him? should we mislead him now, how could we ever forgive ourselves."

"Of Andrew Merry there is no fear," returned Cecilia; "and I think if Captain Borroughcliffe had any intimation of the proximity of his enemies, he would not continue at the table."

"He will stay there while wine will sparkle, and man can swallow," said Katherine; "but we know, by sad experience, that he is a soldier on an emergency; and yet, I'll trust to his ignorance this time—here, I have an answer: '*you are yet safe, but be wary.*'"

"He reads your meaning with a quick eye, Katherine; and he is ready with his answer too: he shows green over white this time. Well! do you not hear me? 'tis green over white. Why, you are dum—what says he, dear?"

Still Katherine answered not, and her cousin raised her eyes from the glass, and beheld her companion gazing earnestly at the open page, while the glow which excitement had before brought on her cheek, was increased to a still deeper bloom.

"I hope your blushes and his signals are not ominous, Kate," added Cecilia; "can green imply his jealousy, as white does your purity? what says he, coz?"

"He talks, like yourself, much nonsense," said Katherine, turning to her flags,

with a pettish air, that was singularly contradicted by her gratified countenance; "but the situation of things requires that I should talk to Barnstable more freely."

"I can retire," said Cecilia, rising from her chair with a grave manner.

"Nay, Cecilia, I do not deserve these looks—'tis you who exhibit levity now! But you can perceive, for yourself, that evening is closing in, and that some other medium for conversation, besides the eyes, may be adopted.—Here is a signal, which will answer: '*When the Abbey clock strikes nine, come with care to the wicket, which opens, at the east side of the Paddock, on the road: until then, keep secret.*' I had prepared this very signal, in case an interview should be necessary."

"Well, he sees it," returned Cecilia, who had resumed her place by the telescope, "and seems disposed to obey you, for I no longer discern his flags or his person."

Miss Howard now arose from before the glass, her observations being ended; but

Katherine did not return the instrument to its corner, without fastening one long and anxious look through it, on what now appeared to be the deserted tower. The interest and anxiety produced by this short and imperfect communication between Miss Plowden and her lover, did not fail to excite reflections in both of the ladies, and furnished materials to hold them in earnest discourse, until the entrance of Alice Dunscombe announced that their presence was expected below. Even the unsuspecting Alice, on entering, observed a change in the countenances and demeanor of the two cousins, which betrayed that their secret conference had not been entirely without contention. The features of Cecilia were disturbed and anxious, and their expression not unlike melancholy; while the dark flashing eye, flushed temples, and proud, determined step of Katherine, exhibited in an equal, if not a greater degree, a very different emotion. As no reference to the subject of their conversation was, however, made by either of the

young ladies, after the entrance of Alice, she led the way, in silence, to the drawing room.

The ladies were received, by Col. Howand Borroughcliffe, with marked attention. In the former there were moments when a deep gloom would, in spite of his very obvious exertions to the contrary, steal over his open, generous countenance; but the recruiting officer maintained an air of immoveable coolness and composure. Twenty times did he detect the piercing looks of Katherine fastened on him, with an intentness, that a less deliberative man might have had the vanity to misinterpret; but even this flattering testimonial of his power to attract, failed to disturb his self-possession. It was in vain that Katherine endeavoured to read his countenance, where every thing was fixed in military rigidity, though his deportment appeared more than usually easy and natural. Tired at length with her fruitless scrutiny, the excited girl turned her gaze upon the clock: to her amazement, she discovered that it was on the stroke of nine, and, dis-

regarding a deprecating glance from her cousin, she arose and quitted the apartment. Borroughcliffe opened the door for her exit, and, while the lady civilly bowed her head in acknowledgment of his attention, their eyes once more met; but she glided quickly by him, and found herself alone in the gallery. Katherine hesitated, more than a minute, to proceed, for she thought in that glance she had detected a lurking expression, that manifested conscious security mingled with secret design. It was not her nature, however, to hesitate, when circumstances required that she should be both prompt and alert; and, throwing over her slight person a large cloak, that was in readiness for the occasion, she stole warily from the building.

Although Katherine suspected, most painfully, that Borroughcliffe had received intelligence that might prove dangerous to her lover, she looked around her in vain, on gaining the open air, to discover any alteration in the arrangements for the defence of the Abbey, which might confirm her suspicions, or the knowledge of which

might enable her to instruct Barnstable how to avoid the secret danger. Every disposition remained as it had been since the capture of Griffith and his companion. She heard the heavy, quick steps of the sentinel, who was posted beneath their windows, endeavouring to warm himself, on his confined post; and as she paused to listen, she also detected the rattling of arms from the soldier, who, as usual, guarded the approach to that part of the building where his comrades were quartered. The night had set in cloudy and dark, although the gale had greatly subsided towards the close of the day; still the wind swept heavily, and, at moments, with a rushing noise, among the irregular walls of the edifice; and it required the utmost nicety of the ear, to distinguish even these well known sounds, among such accompaniments. When Katherine, however, was satisfied that her organs had not deceived her, she turned an anxious eye in the direction of what Borroughcliffe called his "barracks." Every thing in that direction appeared so dark and still as to

create a sensation of uneasiness, by its very quiet. It might be the silence of sleep that now pervaded the ordinarily gay and mirthful apartment! or it might be the stillness of a fearful preparation! There was no time, however, for further hesitation, and Katherine drew her cloak more closely about her form, and proceeded, with light and guarded steps, to the appointed spot. As she approached the wicket the clock struck the hour, and she again paused, while the mournful sounds were borne by her on the wind, as if expecting that each stroke on the bell, would prove a signal to unmask some secret design of Borroughcliffe. As the last vibration melted away, she opened the little gate, and issued on the highway. The figure of a man sprung forward from behind an angle of the wall, as she appeared; and, while her heart was still throbbing with the suddenness of the alarm, she found herself in the arms of Barnstable. After the first few words of recognition and pleasure which the young sailor uttered, he acquainted his mistress with the

loss of his schooner, and the situation of the survivors.

"And now, Katherine," he concluded, "you have come, I trust, never to quit me; or, at most, to return no more to that old Abbey, unless it be to aid in liberating Griffith, and then to join me again for ever."

"Why, truly, there is so much to tempt a young woman to renounce her home and friends, in the description you have just given of your condition, that I hardly know how to refuse your request, Barnstable. You are very tolerably provided with a dwelling in the ruin; and I suppose certain predatory schemes are to be adopted to make it habitable! St. Ruth is certainly well supplied with the necessary articles, but whether we should not be shortly removed to the Castle at York, or the gaol at Newcastle, is a question that I put to your discretion."

"Why yield your thoughts to such silly subjects, lovely trifler!" said Barnstable, "when the time and the occasion both urge us to be in earnest?"

"It is a woman's province to be thrifty, and to look after the comforts of domestic life," returned his mistress; "and I would discharge my functions with credit. But I feel you are vexed, for to see your dark countenance is out of the question, on such a night. When do you propose to commence housekeeping, if I should yield to your proposals?"

"I have not concluded, and your provoking wit annoys me! The vessel I have taken will unquestionably come into the land as the gale dies; and I intend making my escape in her, after beating this Englishman, and securing the liberty of Miss Howard and yourself. I could see the frigate in the offing even before we left the cliffs."

"This certainly sounds better!" rejoined Katherine, in a manner that indicated she was musing on their prospects; "and yet there may exist some difficulties in the way that you little suspect."

"Difficulties! there are none—there can be none."

"Speak not irreverently of the mazes of

love, Mr. Barnstable. When was it ever known to exist unfettered or unembarrassed? even I have an explanation to ask of you that I would much rather let alone."

"Of me! ask what you will, or how you will; I am a careless, unthinking fellow, Miss Plowden, but to you I have little to answer for—unless a foolish sort of adoration be an offence against your merits." Barnstable felt the little hand that was supported on his arm pressing the limb, as Katherine continued, in a tone so changed from its former forced levity, that he started as the first sounds reached his ears. "Merry has brought in a horrid report!" she said; "I would I could believe it untrue! but the looks of the boy, and the absence of Dillon, both confirm it."

"Poor Merry! he too has fallen into the trap! but they shall yet find one who is too cunning for them. Is it to the fate of that wretched Dillon that you allude?"

"He *was* a wretch," continued Katherine, in the same voice, "and he deserved much punishment at your hands, Barnstable; but life is the gift of God, and is not

to be taken whenever human vengeance would appear to require a victim."

"His life was taken by him who bestowed it," said the sailor. "Is it Katherine Plowden who would suspect me of the deed of a dastard?"

"I do not suspect you—I did not suspect you," cried Katherine; "I will never suspect any evil of you again. You are not, you cannot be angry with me, Barnstable? had you heard the cruel suspicions of my cousin Cecilia, and had your imagination been busy in pourtraying your wrongs and the temptations to forget mercy, like mine, even while my tongue denied your agency in the suspected deed, you would—you would at least have learned, how much easier it is to defend those we love against the open attacks of others, than against our own jealous feelings."

"Those words, love and jealousy, will obtain your acquittal," cried Barnstable, in his natural voice; and, after uttering a few more consoling assurances to Katherine, whose excited feelings found vent in

tears, he briefly related the manner of Dillon's death.

"I had hoped I stood higher in the estimation of Miss Howard, than to be subjected to even her suspicions," he said, when he had ended his explanation. "Griffith has been but a sorry representative of our trade, if he has left such an opinion of its pursuits."

"I do not know that Mr. Griffith would altogether have escaped my conjectures, had he been the disappointed commander, and you the prisoner," returned Katherine; "you know not how much we have both studied the usages of war, and with what dreadful pictures of hostages, retaliations, and military executions, our minds are stored; but a mountain is raised off my spirits, and I could almost say, that I am now ready to descend the valley of life in your company."

"It is a discreet determination, my good Katherine, and God bless you for it; the companion may not be so good as you deserve, but you will find him ambitious of

your praise. Now let us devise means to effect our object."

"Therein lies another of my difficulties. Griffith, I much fear, will not urge Cecilia to another flight, against her—her—what shall I call it, Barnstable? her caprice, or her judgment? Cecilia will never consent to desert her uncle, and I cannot muster the courage to abandon my poor cousin, in the face of the world, in order to take shelter with even Mr. Richard Barnstable!"

"Speak you from the heart, now, Katherine?"

"Very nearly—if not exactly."

"Then have I been cruelly deceived! It is easier to find a path in the trackless ocean, without chart or compass, than to know the windings of a woman's heart!"

"Nay, nay, foolish man; you forget that I am but small, and how very near my head is to my heart; too nigh, I fear, for the discretion of their mistress; but is there no method of forcing Griffith and Cecilia to their own good, without undue violence?"

"It cannot be done; he is my senior in rank, and the instant I release him he will claim the command. A question might be raised, at a leisure moment, on the merits of such a claim—but even my own men are, as you know, nothing but a draft from the frigate, and they would not hesitate to obey the orders of the first lieutenant, who is not a man to trifle on matters of duty."

"'Tis vexatious, truly," said Katherine, "that all my well-concerted schemes in behalf of this wayward pair, should be frustrated by their own wilful conduct! But, after all, have you justly estimated your strength, Barnstable? are you certain that you would be successful, and that without hazard, too, if you should make the attempt?"

"Morally, and what is better, physically certain. My men are closely hid, where no one suspects an enemy to lie; they are anxious for the enterprise, and the suddenness of the attack will not only make the victory sure, but it will be rendered bloodless. You will aid us in our

entrance, Katherine, and I shall first secure this recruiting officer, and his command will then surrender without striking a blow. Perhaps, after all, Griffith will hear reason; if he do not, I will not yield my authority to a released captive, without a struggle."

"God send that there shall be no fighting!" murmured his companion, a little appalled at the images his language had raised before her imagination; "and, Barnstable, I enjoin you most solemnly, by all your affection for me, and by every thing you deem most sacred, to protect the person of Colonel Howard at every hazard. There must be no excuse, no pretence, for even an insult to my passionate, good, obstinate, but kind old guardian. I believe I have given him already more trouble than I am entitled to give any one, and Heaven forbid that I should cause him any serious misfortune!"

"He shall be safe, and not only he, but all that are with him, as you will perceive, Katherine, when you hear my plan. Three hours shall not pass over my head before

you will see me master of that old Abbey. Griffith, ay, Griffith must be content to be my inferior, until we get afloat again."

"Attempt nothing unless you feel certain of being able to maintain your advantage, not only against your enemies, but also against your friends," said Katherine, anxiously; "rely on it, both Cecilia and Griffith are refining so much on their feelings, that neither will be your ally."

"This comes of passing the four best years of his life within walls of brick, poring over Latin Grammars and Syntaxes, and such other nonsense, when he should have been rolling them away in a good box of live oak, and studying, at the most, how to sum up his day's work, and tell where his ship lies after a blow. Your college learning may answer well enough for a man who has to live by his wits, but it can be of little use to one who is never afraid to read human nature, by looking his fellow creatures full in the face, and whose hand is as ready as his tongue. I have generally found, the eye that was good at Latin was dull at a com-

pass, or in a night-squall; and yet, Grif is a seaman, though I have heard him even read the Testament in Greek! Thank God, I had the wisdom to run away from school the second day they undertook to teach me a strange tongue, and I believe I am the more honest man, and the better seaman, for my ignorance!"

"There is no telling what you might have been, Barnstable, under other circumstances," retorted his mistress, with a playfulness of manner that she could not always repress, though it was indulged at the expence of him she most loved; "I doubt not but, under proper training, you would have made a reasonably good priest."

"If you talk of priests, Katherine, I shall remind you that we carry one in the ship. But listen to my plan; we may talk further of that when an opportunity may offer."

Barnstable then proceeded to lay before his mistress a project he had formed for surprising the Abbey that night, which was so feasible, that Katherine, notwith-

standing her recent suspicions of Borroughcliffe's designs, came gradually to believe it would succeed. The young seaman answered her objections with the readiness of an ardent mind, bent on executing its purposes, and with a fertility of resources that proved he was no contemptible enemy in matters that required spirited action. Of Merry's remaining firm and faithful he had no doubt, and although he acknowledged the escape of the pedlar boy, he urged that the lad had seen no other of his party besides himself, whom he mistook for a common marauder.

As the disclosure of these plans was frequently interrupted by little digressions, connected with the peculiar emotions of the lovers, more than an hour flew by in the interview, before they separated; but Katherine at length reminded him how swiftly the time was passing, and how much remained to be done, when he reluctantly consented to see her once more enter the wicket, where they parted.

Miss Plowden adopted the same precaution in returning to the house, she had used

on leaving it; and she was congratulating herself on its success, when her eye caught a glimpse of the figure of a man, who was apparently following, at some little distance, in her footsteps, and dogging her motions. As the obscure form, however, paused also when she stopped to give it an alarmed, though inquiring look, and then slowly retired towards the boundary of the paddock, Katherine believing it to be Barnstable watching over her safety, entered the Abbey with every idea of alarm entirely lost in the pleasing reflection of her lover's solicitude.

CHAPTER IV.

> "He looks abroad, and soon appears
> O'er Horncliffe-hill, a plump of spears,
> Beneath a pennon gay."
>
> *Marmion.*

THE sharp sounds of the supper-bell were ringing along the gallery, as Miss Plowden gained the gloomy passage; and she quickened her steps to join the ladies, in order that no further suspicions might be excited by her absence. Alice Dunscombe was already proceeding to the dining-parlour, as Katherine passed through the door of the drawing-room, but Miss Howard had loitered behind, and was met by her cousin alone.

"You have then been so daring as to venture, Katherine?" exclaimed Cecilia.

"I have," returned the other, throwing herself into a chair, to recover her agitation; "I have, Cecilia, and I have met

Barnstable, who will soon be in the Abbey, and its master."

The blood, which had rushed to the face of Cecilia on first seeing her cousin, now retreated to her heart, leaving every part of her fine countenance of the whiteness of her polished temples, as she said—

"And we are to have a night of blood!"

"We are to have a night of freedom, Miss Howard; freedom to you and to me; to Andrew Merry, to Griffith, and to his companion!"

"What freedom more than we now enjoy, Katherine, is needed by two young women? Think you I can remain silent, and see my uncle betrayed before my eyes? his life perhaps endangered?"

"Your own life and person will not be held more sacred, Cecilia Howard, than that of your uncle. If you will condemn Griffith to a prison, and perhaps to a gibbet, betray Barnstable, as you have threatened—an opportunity will not be wanting at the supper table, whither I shall lead the way, since the mistress of the house appears to forget her duty."

Katherine arose, and with a firm step, and proud eye, she moved along the gallery, to the room where their presence was expected by the rest of the family. Cecilia followed, in silence, and the whole party immediately took their several places at the board.

The first few minutes were passed in the usual attentions of the gentlemen to the ladies, and the ordinary civilities of the table; during which, Katherine had so far regained the equanimity of her feelings, as to commence a watchful scrutiny of the manners and looks of her guardian and Borroughcliffe, in which she determined to persevere until the eventful hour when she was to expect Barnstable should arrive. Col. Howard had, however, so far got the command of himself, as no longer to betray the same abstraction as before. In its place Katherine fancied, at moments, that she could discover a settled look of conscious security, mingled a little with an expression of severe determination; such as, in her earlier days, she had learned to dread as sure indications of the indig-

nant, but upright justice of an honourable mind. Borroughcliffe, on the other hand, was cool, polite, and as attentive to the viands as usual, with the alarming exception of discovering much less devotion to the Pride of the Vineyards, than he commonly manifested on such occasions. In this manner the meal passed by, and the cloth was removed, though the ladies appeared willing to retain their places longer than was customary. Colonel Howard, filling up the glasses of Alice Dunscombe, and himself, passed the bottle to the recruiting officer, and with a sort of effort that was intended to rouse the dormant cheerfulness of his guests, cried—

"Come, Borroughcliffe, the ruby lips of your neighbours would be still more beautiful, were they moistened with this rich cordial, and that too, accompanied by some loyal sentiment. Miss Alice is ever ready to express her fealty to her Sovereign; in her name, I can give the health of His Most Sacred Majesty, with defeat and death to all traitors!"

"If the prayers of a humble subject, and

one of a sex that has but little need to mingle in the turmoil of the world, and that has less right to pretend to understand the subtilties of statesmen, can much avail a High and Mighty Prince, like him who sits on the throne, then will he never know temporal evil," returned Alice, meekly; "but I cannot wish death to any one, not even to my enemies, if any I have, and much less to a people who are the children of the same family with myself."

"Children of the same family!" the Colonel repeated, slowly, and with a bitterness of manner that did not fail to attract the painful interest of Katherine; "children of the same family! Ay! even as Absalom was the child of David, or as Judas was of the family of the holy Apostles! But let it pass unpledged—let it pass. The accursed spirit of rebellion has invaded my dwelling, and I no longer know where to find one of my household, that has not been assailed by its malign influence!"

"Assailed I may have been, among others," returned Alice; "but not cor-

rupted, if purity, in this instance, consist in loyalty—"

"What sound is that?" interrupted the Colonel, with startling suddenness. "Was it not the crash of some violence, Borroughcliffe?"

"It may have been one of my rascals who has met with a downfall in passing from the festive board, where you know I regale them to night, in honour of our success!—to his blanket," returned the Captain, with admirable indifference; "or it may be the very spirit of whom you have spoken so freely, my host, that has taken umbrage at your remarks, and is passing from the hospitable walls of St. Ruth into the open air, without submitting to the small trouble of ascertaining the position of doors. In the latter case there may be some dozen perches or so of wall to replace in the morning."

The Colonel, who had risen, glanced his eyes, uneasily, from the speaker to the door, and was, evidently, but little disposed to enter into the pleasantry of his guest.

"There are unusual noises, Captain Borroughcliffe, in the grounds of the Abbey, if not in the building itself," he said, advancing with a fine military air, from the table to the centre of the room; "and as master of the mansion, I will enquire who it is that thus unseasonably disturbs these domains. If as friends, they shall have welcome, though their visit be unexpected; and if enemies, they shall also meet with such a reception as will become an old soldier!"

"No, no," cried Cecilia, entirely thrown off her guard by the manner and language of the veteran, and rushing into his arms. "Go not out, my uncle, go not into the terrible fray, my kind, my good uncle! you are old; you have already done more than your duty; why should you be exposed to danger?"

"The girl is mad with terror, Borroughcliffe," cried the Colonel, bending his glistening eyes fondly on his niece, "and you will have to furnish my good-for-nothing, gouty old person with a corporal's guard, to watch my night-cap, or the silly

child will have an uneasy pillow, till the sun rises once more. But you do not stir, sir?"

"Why should I?" cried the captain; "Miss Plowden yet deigns to keep me company, and it is not in the nature of one of the ——th, to desert his bottle and his standard in the same moment. For, to a true soldier, the smiles of a lady are as imposing in the parlour, as the presence of his colours in the field."

"I continue undisturbed, Captain Borroughcliffe," said Katherine, "because I have not been an inhabitant, for so many months, of St. Ruth, and not learned to know the tunes which the wind can play among its chimnies and pointed roofs. The noise which has taken Colonel Howard from his seat, and which has so unnecessarily alarmed my cousin Cecily, is nothing but the Æolian harp of the Abbey sounding a double bass."

The Captain fastened on her composed countenance, while she was speaking, a look of open admiration, that brought, though tardily, the colour more deeply to

her cheeks; and he answered, with something extremely equivocal, both in his emphasis and his air—

"I have avowed my allegiance, and I will abide by it. So long as Miss Plowden will deign to bestow her company, so long will she find me among her most faithful and persevering attendants, come who may, or what will."

"You compel me to retire," returned Katherine, rising, "whatever may have been my gracious intentions in the matter; for even female vanity must crimson, at an adoration so profound as that which can chain Capt. Borroughcliffe to a supper table! As your alarm has now dissipated, my cousin will you lead the way! Miss Alice and myself attend you."

"But not into the paddock, surely, Miss Plowden," said the captain; "the door, the key of which you have just turned, communicates with the vestibule. This is the passage to the drawing-room."

The lady faintly laughed, as if in de-

rision of her own forgetfulness, as she bowed her acknowledgment, and moved towards the proper passage; she observed—

"The madness of fear has assailed some, I believe, who have been able to affect a better disguise than Miss Howard."

"Is it the fear of present danger, or of that which is in reserve?" asked the captain; "but, as you have stipulated so generously in behalf of my worthy host here, and of one, also, who shall be nameless, because he has not deserved such a favour at your hands, your safety shall be one of my especial duties in these times of peril."

"There is peril, then!" exclaimed Cecilia; "your looks announce it, Captain Borroughcliffe! The changing countenance of my cousin tells me that my fears are too true!"

The soldier had now risen also, and casting aside the air of badinage, which he so much delighted in, he came forward into

the centre of the apartment, with the manner of one who felt it was time to be serious.

"A soldier is ever in peril, when the enemies of his king are at hand, Miss Howard," he answered; "and that such is now the case, Miss Plowden can testify, if she will. But you are the allies of both parties—retire, then, to your own apartments, and wait the result of the struggle which is at hand."

"You speak of danger and hidden perils," said Alice Dunscombe; "know ye ought that justifies your fears?"

"I know all," Borroughcliffe coolly replied.

"All!" exclaimed Katherine.

"All!" echoed Alice, in tones of horror. "If, then, you know all, you must know his desperate courage, and powerful hand, when opposed—yield in quiet, and he will not harm ye. Believe me, believe one who knows his very nature, that no lamb can be more gentle than he would be, with unresisting women: nor any lion more fierce, with his enemies!"

"As we happen not to be of the feminine gender," returned Borroughcliffe, with an air somewhat splenetic, "we must abide the fury of the king of beasts. His paw is even now at the outer door; and, if my orders have been obeyed, his entrance will be yet easier than that of the wolf, to the respectable female ancestor of the little red riding-hood."

"Stay your hand for one single moment!" said Katherine, breathless with interest; "you are the master of my secret, Capt. Borroughcliffe, and bloodshed may be the consequence. I can yet go forward, and, perhaps, save many inestimable lives. Pledge to me your honour, that they who come hither as your enemies, this night, shall depart in peace, and I will pledge to you my life for the safety of the Abbey."

"Oh! hear her, and shed not human blood!" cried Cecilia.

A loud crash interrupted further speech, and the sounds of heavy footsteps were heard in the adjoining room, as if many men were alighting on its floor, in quick

succession. Borroughcliffe drew back, with great coolness, to the opposite side of the large apartment, and took a sheathed sword from the table where it had been placed; at the same moment the door was burst open, and Barnstable entered alone, but heavily armed.

"You are my prisoners, gentlemen," said the sailor, as he advanced; "resistance is useless, and without it you shall receive favour. Ha! Miss Plowden! my advice was, that you should not be present at this scene."

"Barnstable, we are betrayed!" cried the agitated Katherine. "But it is not yet too late. Blood has not yet been spilt, and you can retire, without that dreadful alternative, with honour. Go, then, delay not another moment; for, should the soldiers of Capt. Borroughcliffe come to the rescue of their commander, the Abbey would be a scene of horror!"

"Go you away; go, Katherine," said her lover, with impatience; this "is no place for such as you. But, Capt. Borroughcliffe, if such be your name, you

must perceive that resistance is in vain. I have ten good pikes in this outer room, in twenty better hands, and it will be madness to fight against such odds."

"Show me your strength," said the captain, "that I may take counsel with mine honour."

"Your honour shall be appeased, my brave soldier, for such is your bearing, though your livery is my aversion, and your cause most unholy! Heave-ahead, boys! but hold your hands for orders."

The party of fierce-looking sailors, whom Barnstable led, on receiving this order, rushed into the room in a medley; but, notwithstanding the surly glances, and savage characters of their dress and equipments, they struck no blow, nor committed any act of hostility. The ladies shrunk back appalled, as this terrific little band took possession of the hall; and even Borroughcliffe was seen to fall back towards a door, which, in some measure, covered his retreat. The confusion of this sudden movement had not yet subsided, when sounds of strife were heard rapidly

approaching from a distant part of the building, and presently one of the numerous doors of the apartment was violently opened, when two of the garrison of the Abbey rushed into the hall, vigorously pressed by twice their number of seamen, seconded by Griffith, Manual, and Merry, who were armed with such weapons of offence as had presented themselves to their hands, at their unexpected liberation. There was a movement on the part of the seamen, who already were in possession of the room, that threatened instant death to the fugitives; but Barnstable beat down their pikes with his sword, and sternly ordered them to fall back. Surprise produced the same pacific result among the combatants; and as the soldiers hastily sought a refuge behind their own officers, and the released captives, with their liberators, joined the body of their friends, the quiet of the hall, which had been so rudely interrupted, was soon restored.

"You see, sir," said Barnstable, after grasping the hands of Griffith and Manual, in warm and cordial pressure, "that

all my plans have succeeded. Your sleeping guard are closely watched in their barracks by one party, our officers are released, and your sentinels cut off by another, while, with a third, I hold the centre of the Abbey, and am, substantially in possession of your own person. In consideration, therefore, of what is due to humanity, and to the presence of these ladies, let there be no struggle! I shall impose no difficult terms, nor any long imprisonment."

The recruiting officer manifested a composure throughout the whole scene, that would have excited some uneasiness in his invaders, had there been opportunity for more minute observation; but his countenance now gradually assumed an appearance of anxiety, and his head was frequently turned, as if listening for further and more important interruptions. He answered, however, to this appeal with his ordinary deliberation.

"You speak of conquests, sir, before they are achieved. My venerable host and myself are not so defenceless as you may

choose to imagine." While speaking, he threw aside the cloth of a side table, from beneath which, the colonel and himself were instantly armed with a brace of pistols each. "Here are the death warrants of four of your party, and these brave fellows at my back can account for two more. I believe, my trans-atlantic warrior, that we are now something in the condition of Cortes and the Mexicans, when the former overran part of your continent—I being Cortes, armed with artificial thunder and lightning, and you the Indians, with nothing but your pikes and slings, and such other antediluvian inventions. Shipwrecks and sea-water are fatal dampers of gunpowder."

"That we are unprovided with fire-arms I will not deny," said Barnstable; "but we are men who are used, from infancy, to depend on our good right arms for life and safety, and we know how to use them, though we should even grapple with death! As for the trifles in your hands, gentlemen, you are not to suppose that men

who are trained to look in at one end of a thirty-two pounder, loaded with grape, while the match is put to the other, will so much as wink at their report, though you fired them by fifties. What say you boys! is a pistol a weapon to repel boarders?"

The discordant and disdainful laughs that burst from the restrained seamen, were a sufficient pledge of their indifference to so trifling a danger. Borroughcliffe noted their hardened boldness, and taking the supper bell, which was lying near him, he rang it for a minute with great violence. The heavy tread of trained footsteps soon followed this extraordinary summons; and presently, the several doors of the apartment were opened, and filled with armed soldiers, wearing the livery of the English crown.

"If you hold these smaller weapons in such vast contempt," said the recruiting officer, when he perceived that his men had possessed themselves of all the avenues, "it is in my power to try the virtue of some more formidable. After this exhibi-

tion of my strength, gentlemen, I presume you cannot hesitate to submit as prisoners of war."

The seamen had been formed in something like military array, by the assiduity of Manual, during the preceding dialogue; and as the different doors had discovered fresh accessions to the strength of the enemy, the marine industriously offered new fronts, until the small party was completely arranged in a hollow square, that might have proved formidable in a charge, bristled as it was with the deadly pikes of the Ariel.

"Here has been some mistake," said Griffith, after glancing his eye at the formidable array of the soldiers; "I take precedence of Mr. Barnstable, and I shall propose to you, Captain Borroughcliffe, terms that may remove this scene of strife from the dwelling of Colonel Howard."

"The dwelling of Colonel Howard," cried the veteran, "is the dwelling of his king, or of the meanest servant of the crown! so, Borroughcliffe, spare not the

traitors on my behalf; accept no other terms than such unconditional submission as is meet to exact from the rebellious subjects of the Anointed of the Lord."

While Griffith spoke, Barnstable folded his arms in affected composure, and glanced his eyes expressively at the shivering Katherine, who, with her companions, still continued agitated spectators of all that passed, chained to the spot by their apprehensions; but to this formidable denunciation of the master of the abbey, he deemed proper to reply—

"Now, by every hope I have of sleeping again on salt water, old gentleman, if it were not for the presence of these three trembling females, but I should feel tempted to dispute, at once, the title of his majesty—you may make such a covenant as you will with Mr. Griffith, but if it contain one syllable about submission to your king, or of any other allegiance than that which I owe to the Continental Congress and the state of Mussachusetts, you may as well consider the terms violated at once; for

not an article of such an agreement will I consider as binding on me, or on any that shall choose to follow me as leader."

"Here are but two leaders, Mr. Barnstable," interrupted the haughty Griffith; "the one of the enemy, and the other of the arms of America. Captain Borroughcliffe, to you, as the former, I address myself. The great objects of the contest, which now unhappily divides England from her ancient colonies, can be in no degree affected by the events of this night; while, on the other hand, by a rigid adherence to military notions, much private evil and deep domestic calamity must follow any struggle in such a place. We have but to speak, sir, and these rude men, who already stand impatiently handling their instruments of death, will aim them at each other's lives; and who can say that he shall be able to stay their hands when and where he will? I know you to be a soldier, and that you are not yet to learn how much easier it is to stimulate to blood, than to glut vengeance."

Borroughcliffe, unused to the admission

of violent emotions, and secure in the superiority of his own party, both in numbers and equipments, heard him with the coolest composure to the end, and then answered in his customary manner.

"I honour your logic, sir. Your premises are indisputable, and the conclusion most obvious. Commit then these worthy tars to the good keeping of honest Drill, who will see their famished natures revived by divers eatables, and a due proportion of suitable fluids; while we can discuss the manner in which you are to return to the colonies around a bottle of liquor, which my friend Manual there assures me has come from the sunny side of the island of Madeira, to be drunk in a bleak corner of that of Britain. By my palate! but the rascals brighten at the thought! They know by instinct, sir, that a shipwrecked mariner is a fitter companion to a ration of beef and a pot of porter, than to such unsightly things as bayonets and boarding-pikes!"

"Trifle not unseasonably!" exclaimed the impatient young sailor. "You have

the odds in numbers, but whether it will avail you much in a deadly struggle of hand to hand, is a question you must put to your prudence: we stand not here to ask terms, but to grant them. You must be brief, sir, for the time is wasting while we delay."

"I have offered to you the means of obtaining in perfection the enjoyment of the three most ancient of the numerous family of the arts—eating, drinking, and sleeping! What more do you require?"

"That you order these men, who fill the pass to the outer door, to fall back and give us room. I would take, in peace, these armed men from before the eyes of those who are unused to such sights. Before you oppose this demand, think how easily these hardy fellows could make a way for themselves, against your divided force."

"Your companion, the experience Capt. Manual, will tell you that such a manœuvre would be very unmilitary, with a superior body in your rear!"

"I have not leisure, sir, for this folly,"

cried the indignant Griffith. "Do you refuse us an unmolested retreat from the Abbey?"

"I do."

Griffith turned, with a look of extreme emotion, to the ladies, and beckoned to them to retire, unable to give utterance to his wishes in words. After a moment of deep silence, however, he once more addressed Borroughcliffe, in the tones of conciliation.

"If Manual and myself will return to our prisons, and submit to the will of your government," he said, "can the rest of the party return to the frigate unmolested?"

"They cannot," replied the soldier, who, perceiving that the crisis approached, was gradually losing his artificial deportment in the interest of the moment. "You, and all others, who willingly invade the peace of these realms, must abide the issue."

"Then God protect the innocent and defend the right!"

"Amen."

"Give way, villains!" cried Griffith, facing the party that held the outer door; "give way, or you shall be riddled with our pikes!"

"Show them your muzzles, men!" shouted Borroughcliffe; "but pull no trigger till they advance."

There was an instant of bustle and preparation, in which the rattling of fire arms, blended with the suppressed execrations and threats of the intended combatants; and C[illegible] and Katherine had both covered their fa[illegible] veil the horrid sight that was mome[illegible]ly expected, when Alice Dunscombe advanced, boldly, between the points of the threatening weapons, and spoke in a voice that stayed the hands that were already uplifted.

"Hear me, men! if men ye be, and not demons, thirsting for each other's blood; though ye walk abroad in the semblance of him who died that ye might be elevated to the rank of angels! call ye this war? Is this the glory that is made to warm the

hearts of even silly and confiding women? Is the peace of families to be destroyed to gratify your wicked lust for conquest; and is life to be taken in vain, in order that you may boast of the foul deed in your wicked revels! Fall back, then, ye British soldiers! if ye be worthy of that name, and give passage to a woman; and remember that the first shot that is fired, will be buried in her bosom!"

The men, thus enjoined, shrunk before her commanding mien, and a way was made for her exit through that very door which Griffith had, in vain, solicited might be cleared for himself and party. But Alice, instead of advancing, appeared to have suddenly lost the use of those faculties which had already effected so much. Her figure seemed rooted to the spot where she had spoken, and her eyes were fixed in a settled gaze as if dwelling on some horrid object. While she yet stood in this attitude of unconscious helplessness, the door-way became again darkened, and the figure of the Pilot was seen

on its threshold, clad, as usual, in the humble vestments of his profession, but heavily armed with the weapons of naval war. For an instant, he stood a silent spectator of the scene; and then advanced calmly, but with searching eyes, into the centre of the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

Don Pedro. Welcome, Signior, you are almost come to part, almost a fray.

Much ado about Nothing.

"Down with your arms, you Englishmen!" said the daring intruder; "and you who fight in the cause of sacred liberty stay your hands, that no unnecessary blood may flow. Yield yourself, proud Briton to the power of the Thirteen Republics!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Borroughcliffe, grasping a pistol, with an air of great resolution, "the work thickens—I had not included this man in my estimate of their numbers. Is he a Sampson, that his single arm can change the face of things so suddenly! Down with your own weapon, you masquerader, or, at the report of this pistol, your body shall become a target for twenty bullets."

"And thine for a hundred," returned the Pilot—"without there! wind your call, fellow, and bring in our numbers. We will let this confident gentleman feel his weakness."

He had not done speaking, before the shrill whistle of a boatswain rose gradually on the ears of the listeners, until the sense of hearing became painfully oppressed, by the piercing sounds that rung under the arched roof of the hall, and penetrated even to the most distant recesses of the Abbey. A tremendous rush of men followed, who drove in before them the terrified fragment of Borroughcliffe's command, that had held the vestibule; and the outer room became filled with a dark mass of human bodies.

"Let them hear ye, lads!" cried their leader, "the Abbey is your own!"

The roaring of a tempest was not louder than the shout that burst from his followers, who continued their cheers, peal on peal, until the very roof of the edifice appeared to tremble with their vibrations. Numerous dark and shaggy heads were

seen moving around the passage; some cased in the iron-bound caps of the frigate's boarders, and others glittering with the brazen ornaments of her marine guard. The sight of the latter did not fail to attract the eye of Manual, who rushed among the throng, and soon re-appeared followed by a trusty band of his own men, who took possession of the posts held by the soldiers of Borroughcliffe, while the dialogue was continued between the leaders of the adverse parties.

Thus far Colonel Howard had yielded to his guest, with a deep reverence for the principles of military subordination, the functions of a commander, but, now that affairs appeared to change so materially, he took on himself the right to question these intruders into his dwelling.

"By what authority, Sir," the Colonel demanded, "is it that you dare thus to invade the castle of a subject of this realm? Do you come backed by the commission of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, or has your warrant the signature of His

Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department?"

"I bear no commission from any quarter," returned the Pilot; "I rank only a humble follower of the friends of America; and having led these gentlemen into danger, I have thought it my duty to see them extricated. They are now safe; and the right to command all that hear me, rests with Mr. Griffith, who is commissioned by the Continental Congress for such service."

When he had spoken he fell back from the position he occupied, in the centre of the room, to one of its sides, where, leaning his body against the wainscot, he stood a silent observer of what followed.

"It appears, then, that it is to you, degenerate son of a most worthy father, that I must repeat my demand," continued the veteran. "By what right is my dwelling thus rudely assailed? and why is my quiet, and the peace of those I protect, so daringly violated?"

"I might answer you, Col. Howard, by

saying that it is according to the laws of arms, or rather in retaliation for the thousand evils that your English troops have inflicted, between Maine and Georgia; but I wish not to increase the unpleasant character of this scene, and will tell you, that our advantage shall be used with moderation. The instant that our men can be collected, and our prisoners properly secured, your dwelling shall be restored to your authority. We are no freebooters, Sir, and you will find it so after our departure. Capt. Manual, draw off your guard into the grounds, and make your dispositions for a return march to our boats—let the boarders fall back, there! out with ye! out with ye—tumble out, you boarders!"

The amicable order of the young lieutenant, which was delivered after the stern quick fashion of his profession, operated on the cluster of dark figures, that were grouped around the door, like a charm; and as the men whom Barnstable had led, followed their shipmates into the court-yard, the room was now left to such only as might be termed the gentlemen of the

invading party, and the family of Colonel Howard.

Barnstable had continued silent since his senior officer had assumed the command, listening most attentively to each syllable that fell from either side; but now that so few remained, and the time pressed, he spoke again—

"If we are to take boat so soon, Mr. Griffith, it would be seemly that due preparations should be made to receive the ladies, who are to honour us with their presence; shall I take that duty on myself?"

The abrupt proposal produced a universal surprise in his hearers; though the abashed and conscious expression of Katherine Plowden's features, sufficiently indicated, that to her, at least, it was not altogether unexpected. The long silence that succeeded the question, was interrupted by Colonel Howard.

"Ye are masters, gentlemen! help yourselves to whatever best suits your inclinations. My dwelling, my goods, and my wards, are alike at your disposal—or perhaps Miss Alice, here, good and kind Miss

Alice Dunscombe, may suit the taste of some among ye! Ah! Edward Griffith! Edward Griffith! little did I ever——"

"Breathe not that name in levity again thou scoffer, or even your years may prove a feeble protection!" said a stern, startling voice from behind. All eyes turned involuntarily at the unexpected sounds, and the muscular form of the Pilot was seen resuming its attitude of repose against the wall, though every fibre in his frame was working with suppressed passion.

When the astonished looks of Griffith ceased to dwell on this extraordinary exhibition of interest in his companion, they were turned imploringly towards the fair cousins, who still occupied the distant corner, whither fear had impelled them.

"I have said, that we are not midnight marauders, Col. Howard," he replied; "but if any there be here, who will deign to commit themselves to our keeping, I trust it will not be necessary to say, at this hour, what will be their reception."

"We have not time for unnecessary compliments," cried the impatient Barn-

stable, " here is Merry, who, by years and blood, is a suitable assistant for them, in arranging their little baggage—what say you, urchin, can you play the ladies' maid on emergency?"

" Ay, sir, and better than I acted the pedlar-boy," cried the gay youngster; " to have my merry cousin Kate, and my good cousin Cicily for shipmates, I could play our common grandmother! Come, coz, let us be moving; you will have to allow a little lee-way in time for my awkwardness."

" Stand back, young man," said Miss Howard, repulsing his familiar attempt to take her arm; and then advancing, with a maidenly dignity, nigher to her guardian, she continued, " I cannot know what stipulations have been made by my cousin Plowden, in the secret treaty she has made this night with Mr. Barnstable; this for myself, Col. Howard, I would have you credit your brother's child when she says, that, to her, the events of the hour have not been more unexpected than to yourself."

The veteran gazed at her, for a moment, with an expression of his eye that denoted reviving tenderness; but gloomy doubts appeared to cross his mind again, and he shook his head as he walked proudly away.

"Nay, then," added Cecilia, her head dropping meekly on her bosom, "I may be discredited by my uncle, but I cannot be disgraced without some act of my own."

She slowly raised her mild countenance again, and bending her eyes on her lover, she continued, while a rich rush of blood passed over her fine features—

"Edward Griffith, I will not, I cannot say how humiliating it is to think that you can, for an instant, believe I would again forget myself so much as to wish to desert him whom God has given me for a protector, for one chosen by my own erring passions. And you, Andrew Merry! learn to respect the child of your mother's sister, if not for her own sake, at least for that of her who watched your cradle!"

"Here appears to be some mistake," said Barnstable, who participated, however,

in no trifling degree, in the embarrassment of the abashed boy; "but, like all other mistakes on such subjects, it can be explained away, I suppose. Mr. Griffith, it remains for you to speak:—damn it, man," he whispered, "you are as dumb as a codfish—I am sure so fine a woman is worth a little fair weather talk:—you are muter than a four-footed beast—even an ass can bray!"

"We will hasten our departure, Mr. Barnstable," said Griffith, sighing heavily, and rousing, as if from a trance. "These rude sights cannot but be appalling to the ladies. You will please, sir, to direct the order of our march to the shore. Captain Manual has charge of our prisoners, who must all be secured, to answer for an equal number of our own countrymen."

"And our countrywomen!" said Barnstable, "are they to be forgotten, in the selfish recollection of our own security!"

"With them we have no right to interfere, unless at their request."

"By Heaven! Mr. Griffith, this may smack of learning," cried the other, "and

it may plead bookish authority as its precedent; but, let me tell you, sir, it savours but a little of sailor's love."

"Is it unworthy of a seaman, and a gentleman, to permit the woman he calls his mistress to be so, other than in name?"

"Well, then, Griff, I pity you from my soul. I would rather have had a sharp struggle for the happiness that I shall now obtain so easily, than that you should be thus cruelly disappointed. But you cannot blame me, my friend, that I avail myself of fortune's favour. Miss Plowden, your fair hand. Colonel Howard, I return you a thousand thanks for the care you have taken, hitherto, of this precious charge, and believe me, sir, that I speak frankly, when I say, that next to myself, I should choose to intrust her with you in preference to any man on earth."

The Colonel turned to the speaker, and bowed low, while he answered with grave courtesy—

"Sir, you repay my slight services with too much gratitude. If Miss Katherine Plowden has not become under my guar-

dianship, all that her good father, Captain John Plowden, of the Royal Navy, could have wished a daughter of his to be, the fault, unquestionably, is to be attributed to my inability to instruct, and to no inherent quality in the young lady herself. I will not say, take her, sir, since you have her in your possession already, and it would be out of my power to alter the arrangement; I, therefore, can only wish that you may find her as dutiful as a wife, as she has been, hitherto, as a ward and a subject."

Katherine had yielded her hand, passively, to her lover, and suffered him to lead her more into the circle than she had before been; but now she threw off his arm, and shaking aside the dark curls which she had rather invited to fall in disorder around her brow, she raised her face and looked proudly up, with an eye that sparkled with the spirit of its mistress, and a face that grew pale with emotion at each moment as she proceeded—

"Gentlemen, the one may be as ready to receive as the other is to reject; but, has the daughter of John Plowden no voice in

this cool disposal of her person? If her guardian tires of her presence, other habitations may be found, without inflicting so severe a penalty on this gentleman, as to compel him to provide for her accommodation in a vessel which must be already straitened for room!"

She turned, and rejoined her cousin with such an air of maidenly resentment, as a young woman would be apt to discover, who found herself the subject of matrimonial arrangement, without her own feelings being at all consulted. Barnstable, who knew but little of the windings of the female heart, or how necessary to his mistress, notwithstanding her previous declarations, the countenance of Cecilia was, to any decided and open act in his favour, stood in stupid wonder at her declaration. He could not conceive that a woman who had already ventured so much in secret in his behalf, and who had so often avowed her weakness, should shrink to declare it again, at such a crisis, though the eyes of a universe were on her! He looked from one of the party to the other, and met in every

face an expression of delicate reserve, except in those of the guardian of his mistress, and of Borroughcliffe.

The Colonel had given a glance of returning favour at her, whom he now conceived to be his repentant ward, while the countenance of the entrapped captain exhibited a look of droll surprise, blended with the expression of bitter ferocity it had manifested since the discovery of his own mishap.

" Perhaps, sir," said Barnstable, addressing the latter, fiercely, " you see something amusing about the person of this lady, to divert you thus unseasonably. We tolerate no such treatment of our women in America!"

" Nor do we quarrel before ours in England," returned the soldier, throwing back the fierce glance of the sailor, with interest; " but I was thinking of the revolutions that time can produce! nothing more I do assure you. It is not half an hour since I thought myself a most happy fellow; secure in my plans for overreaching the scheme you had laid to surprise me;

and now I am as miserable a dog as wears a single epaulette, and has no hope of seeing its fellow!"

"And in what manner, Sir, can this sudden change apply to me?" asked Katherine, with all her spirit.

"Certainly not to your perseverance in the project to assist my enemies, madam," returned the soldier, with affected humility; "nor to your zeal for their success, or your consummate coolness at the supper table! But I find it is time that I should be superannuated—I can no longer serve my king with credit, and should take to serving my God, like all other worn out men of the world! My hearing is surely defective, or a paddock wall has a most magical effect in determining sounds!"

Katherine waited not to hear the close of this sentence, but walked to a distant part of the room, to conceal the burning blushes that covered her countenance. The manner in which the plans of Borroughcliffe had become known to his foe, was no longer a mystery, and her conscience reproached her a little also, with

some unnecessary coquetry; for she remembered, that quite one-half of the dialogue between her lover and herself, under the shadow of that very wall to which Borroughcliffe alluded, had been on a subject altogether foreign to contention and tumults. As the feelings of Barnstable were by no means so sensitive as those of his mistress, and his thoughts much occupied with the means of attaining his object, he did not so readily comprehend the indirect allusion of the soldier, but turned abruptly away to Griffith, and observed, with a serious air—

"I feel it my duty, Mr. Griffith, to suggest, that we have standing instructions to secure all the enemies of America, wherever they may be found, and to remind you, that the States have not hesitated to make prisoners of females, in many instances."

"Bravo!" cried Borroughcliffe; "if the ladies will not go as your mistresses, take them as your captives!"

"'Tis well for you, Sir, that you are a captive yourself, or you should be made to

answer for this speech," retorted the irritated Barnstable. "It is a responsible command, Mr. Griffith, and must not be disregarded."

"To your duty, Mr. Barnstable," said Griffith, again arousing from deep abstraction: "you have your orders, Sir; let them be executed promptly."

"I have also the orders of our common superior, Captain Munson, Mr. Griffith; and I do assure you, Sir, that in making out my instructions for the Ariel—poor thing! there are no two of her timbers hanging together!—but my instructions were decidedly particular on that head."

"And my orders now supersede them."

"But am I justifiable in obeying a verbal order from an inferior, in direct opposition to a written instruction?"

Griffith had hitherto manifested in his deportment nothing more than a cold determination to act, but the blood now flew to every vessel in his cheeks and forehead, and his dark eyes flashed fire, as he cried, authoritatively—

"How, Sir! do you hesitate to obey?"

"By Heaven, Sir, I would dispute the command of the Continental Congress itself, should they bid me so far to forget my duty to—to—"

"Add yourself, Sir! Mr. Barnstable, let this be the last of it. To your duty, Sir."

"My duty calls me here, Mr. Griffith."

"I must act, then, or be bearded by my own officers. Mr. Merry, direct Captain Manual to send in a sergeant and a file of marines."

"Bid him come on himself!" cried Barnstable, maddened to desperation by his disappointment; "'tis not his whole corps that can disarm me—let them come on! Here, there, you Ariels! rally around your captain."

"The man among them who dares to cross that threshold without my order, dies," cried Griffith, menacing, with a naked sabre, the seamen, who had promptly advanced at the call of their old commander. "Yield your sword, Mr. Barnstable, and spare yourself the disgrace of

having it forced from you by a common soldier."

"Let me see the dog who dare attempt it!" exclaimed Barnstable, flourishing his weapon in fierce anger. Griffith had extended his own arm, in the earnestness of his feelings, and their sabres crossed each other. The clashing of the steel operated on both like the sound of the clarion on a war-horse, and there were sudden and rapid blows, and as rapid parries, exchanged between the flashing weapons.

"Barnstable! Barnstable!" cried Katherine, rushing into his arms, "I will go with you to the ends of the earth!"

Cecilia Howard did not speak; but when Griffith recovered his coolness, he beheld her beautiful form kneeling at his feet, with her pale face bent imploringly on his own disturbed countenance. The cry of Miss Plowden had separated the combatants, before an opportunity for shedding blood had been afforded, but the young men exchanged looks of keen resentment, notwithstanding the interference of their

mistresses. At this moment Colonel Howard advanced, and raising his niece from her humble posture, said—

"This is not a situation for a child of Harry Howard, though she knelt in the presence, and before the throne of her sovereign. Behold, my dear Cecilia, the natural consequences of this rebellion! It scatters discord in their ranks, and, by its damnable levelling principles, destroys all distinction of rank among themselves; even these rash boys know not where obedience is due!"

"It is due to me," said the Pilot, who now stepped forward among the agitated group, "and it is time that I enforce it. Mr. Griffith, sheath your sword. And you, Sir, who have defied the authority of your senior officer, and have forgotten the obligation of your oath, submit, and return to your duty."

Griffith started at the sounds of his calm voice, as if with sudden recollection, and then bowing low, he returned the weapon to its scabbard. But Barnstable still encircled the waist of his mistress with one

arm, while with the other he brandished his sabre, and laughed with scorn at this extraordinary assumption of authority.

"And who is this?" he cried, "who dare give such an order to me!"

The eyes of the Pilot flashed with a terrible fire, while a fierce glow seemed to be creeping over his whole frame, which actually quivered with passion. But, suppressing this exhibition of his feelings, by a sudden and powerful effort, he answered in an emphatic manner—

"One who has a right to order, and who *will* be obeyed!"

The extraordinary manner of the speaker contributed as much as his singular assertion, to induce Barnstable, in his surprise, to lower the point of his weapon, with an air that might easily have been mistaken for submission. The Pilot fastened his glowing eyes on him for an instant, and then turning to the rest of the listeners, he continued, more mildly—

"It is true that we came not here as marauders, and that our wish is, to do no unnecessary acts of severity to the aged

and the helpless. But this officer of the Crown, and this truant American, in particular, are fairly onr prisoners; as such, they must be conducted on board our ship."

"But the main object of our expedition?"—said Griffith.

"'Tis lost," returned the Pilot, hastily,—"'tis sacrificed to more private feelings; 'tis like a hundred others, ended in disappointment, and is forgotten, Sir, for ever. But the interests of the Republics must not be neglected, Mr. Griffith.—Though we are not madly to endanger the lives of those gallant fellows, to gain a love-smile from one young beauty, neither are we to forget the advantages they may have obtained for us, in order to procure one of approbation from another. This Colonel Howard, will answer well, in a bargain with the minions of the Crown, and may purchase the freedom of some worthy patriot, who is deserving of his liberty. Nay, nay, suppress that haughty look, and turn that proud eye on any, rather than

me! he goes to the frigate, Sir, and that immediately."

"Then," said Cecilia Howard, timidly approaching the spot where her uncle stood, a disdainful witness of the dissensions amongst his captors; "then, will I go with him! He shall never be a resident among his enemies alone!"

"It would be more ingenuous, and more worthy of my brother's daughter," said her uncle, coldly, "if she ascribed her willingness to depart to its proper motive." Disregarding the look of deep distress with which Cecilia received this mortifying rejection of her tender attention, the old man walked towards Borroughcliffe, who was gnawing the hilt of his sword, in very vexation at the downfall of his high-raised hopes, and placing himself by his side, with an air of infinitely dignified submission, he continued, "act your pleasure on us, gentlemen: you are the conquerors, and we must even submit. A brave man knows as well how to yield, with decorum, as to defend himself stoutly, when he is

not surprised, as we have been. But if an opportunity should ever offer!—Act your pleasures, gentlemen; no two lambs were ever half so meek as Capt. Borroughcliffe and myself."

The smile of affected, but bitter resignation, that the Colonel bestowed on his fellow prisoner, was returned by that officer, with an attempt at risibility that abundantly betokend the disturbed state of his feelings. The two, however, succeeded in so far maintaining appearances, as to contemplate the succeeding movements of the conquerors, with a sufficient degree of composure.

The Colonel steadily, and coldly, rejected the advances of his niece, who bowed meekly to his will, and relinquished, for the present, the hope of bringing him to a sense of his injustice. She, however employed herself in earnest, to give such directions as were necessary to enforce the resolution she had avowed, and in this unexpected employment she found both a ready and a willing assistant in her cousin. The latter, unknown to Miss Howard, had

in anticipation of some such event as the present, long since made, in secret, all those preparations which might become necessary to a sudden flight from the Abbey. In conjunction with her lover then, who, perceiving that the plan of the Pilot was furthering his own views, deemed it most wise to forget his quarrel with that mysterious individual, she flew to point out the means of securing those articles which were already in preparation. Barnstable and Merry accompanied her light steps among the narrow, dark passages of the Abbey, with the utmost delight; the former repeatedly apostrophising her wit and beauty, and, indeed, all of her various merits, and the latter, laughing, and indulging those buoyant spirits, that a boy of his years and reflection might be supposed to feel, in such a scene, and under such circumstances. It was fortunate for her cousin, that Katherine had possessed so much forethought, for the attention of Cecilia Howard was directed much more to the comforts of her uncle, than to those which were necessary for

herself. Attended by Alice Dunscombe, the young mistress of St. Ruth moved through the solitary apartments of the building, listening to the mild, religious consolation of her companion, in silence, at times yielding to those bursts of mortified feeling, that she could not repress, or again as calmly giving her orders to her maids, as if the intended movement was one of but ordinary interest. All this time, the party in the dining hall remained stationary. The Pilot, as if satisfied with what he had already done, sunk back to his reclining attitude against the wall, though his eyes keenly watched every movement of the preparations, in a man ner which denoted that his was the master spirit that directed the whole. Griffith had, however, resumed, in appearance, the command, and the busy seamen addressed themselves for orders to him alone. In this manner an hour was consumed, when Cecilia and Katherine, appearing in succession, attired in a suitable manner for their departure, and the baggage of the whole party having been already entrusted

to a petty officer, and a party of his men, Griffith gave forth the customary order to put the whole in motion. The shrill, piercing whistle of the boatswain once more rung among the galleries and ceilings of the Abbey, and was followed by the deep, hoarse cry of—

"Away, there! you shore-draft! away, there, you boarders! ahead, heave ahead, sea-dogs!"

This extraordinary summons was succeeded by the roll of a drum, and the strains of a fife, from without, when the whole party moved from the building in the order that had been previously prescribed by Captain Manual, who acted as the marshal of the forces on the occasion.

The Pilot had conducted his surprise with so much skill and secrecy as to have secured every individual about the Abbey, whether male or female, soldier or civilian; and as it might be dangerous to leave any behind who could convey intelligence into the country, Griffith had ordered that every human being, found in

the building, should be conducted to the cliffs; to be held in durance, at least, until the departure of the last boat to the cutter, which he was informed lay close into the land, awaiting their re-embarkation. The hurry of the departure had caused many lights to be kindled in the Abbey, and the contrast between the glare within, and the gloom without, was most striking to the females, as they issued into the paddock. One of those indefinable, and unaccountable feelings, which so often cross the human mind, induced Cecilia to pause at the great gate of the grounds, and look back at the Abbey, with a presentiment that she was to behold it for the last time. The dark and rugged outline of the edifice was clearly delineated against the northern sky, while the open windows, and neglected doors, permitted a view of the solitude within. Twenty tapers were shedding their useless light in the empty apartments, as if in mockery of the deserted walls, and Cecilia turned, shuddering, from the sight, to press nigher to the person of her indignant uncle, with a

secret impression, that her presence would soon be more necessary than ever to his happiness.

The low hum of voices in front, with the occasional strains of the fife, and the stern mandates of the sea-officers, soon recalled her, however, from these visionary thoughts to the surrounding realities, while the whole party pursued their way with diligence to the margin of the ocean.

CHAPTER VI.

> A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
> Cries 'Boatmen do not tarry!
> And I'll give thee a silver pound,
> To row us o'er the ferry.'
>
> *Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

THE sky had been without a cloud during the day, the gale having been dry and piercing, and thousands of stars were now shining through a chill atmosphere. As the eye, therefore, became accustomed to the change of light, it obtained a more distinct view of surrounding objects. At the head of the line, that was stretched along the narrow pathway, marched a platoon of the marines, who maintained the regular and steady front of trained warriors. They were followed at some little distance by a large and confused body of seamen, heavily armed, whose disposition to disorder and rude merriment, which became more vio-

lent from their treading on solid ground, was with difficulty restrained by the presence and severe rebukes of their own officers. In the centre of this confused mass the whole of the common prisoners were placed, but were no otherwise attended to by their nautical guard, than as they furnished the subjects of fun and numberless quaint jokes. At some distance in their rear marched Colonel Howard and Borroughcliffe, arm in arm, both maintaining the most rigid and dignified silence, though under the influence of very bitter feelings. Behind these again, and pressing as nigh as possible to her uncle, was Miss Howard, leaning on the arm of Alice Dunscombe, and surrounded by the female domestics of the establishment of St. Ruth. Katherine Plowden moved lightly by herself, in the shadow of this group, with elastic steps, but with a maiden coyness, that taught her to veil her satisfaction with the semblance of captivity. Barnstable watched her movements with delight, within six feet of her, but submitted to the air of caprice in his mistress, which seemed to require that he

should approach no nearer. Griffith, avoiding the direct line of the party, walked on its skirts in such a situation that his eye could command its whole extent, in order, if necessary, to direct the movements. Another body of the marines marched at the close of the procession, and Manual, in person, brought up the rear. The music had ceased by command, and nothing was now audible but the regular tread of the soldiers with the sighs of the dying gale, interrupted occasionally by the voice of an officer, or the hum of low dialogue.

"This has been a Scotch prize that we've taken," muttered a surly old seaman; "a ship without head-money or cargo! There was kitchen timber enough in the old jug of a place, to have given an outfit in crockery and knee-buckles to every lad in the ship; but, no! let a man's mouth water ever so much for food and raiment, damme if the officers would give him leave to steal even so good a thing as a spare Bible."

"You may say all that, and then make but a short yarn of the truth," returned the messmate, who walked by his side;

"if there had been such a thing as a ready-made prayer handy, they would have choused a poor fellow out of the use of it. I say, Ben, I'll tell ye what; it's my opinion, that if a chap is to turn soldier and carry a musket, he should have soldiers' play, and leave to plunder a little—now the devil a thing have I laid my hands on to-night, except this firelock and my cutlash—unless you can call this bit of a table-cloth something of a windfall."

"Ay! you have fallen in there with a fresh bolt of duck, I see!" said the other, in manifest admiration of the texture of his companion's prize—"why, it would spread as broad a clue as our mizen-royal, if it was loosened! well, your luck hasn't been every man's luck—for my part, I think this here hat was made for some fellow's great toe; I've rigged it on my head both fore-and-aft, and athwart ships, but curse the inch can I drive it down. I say, Sam! you'll give us a shirt off that table cloth?"

"Ay, ay, you can have one corner of it; or, for that matter, ye can take the full half, Nick; but I don't see that we go off

to the ship any richer than we landed, unless you may muster she-cattle among your prize money."

"No richer!" interrupted a waggish young sailor, who had been hitherto a silent listener to the conversation between his older and more calculating shipmates; "I think we are set up for a cruize in them seas where the day watches last six months; don't you see we have caught a double allowance of midnight!"

While speaking he laid his hands on the bare and woolly heads of Colonel Howard's two black slaves, who were moving near him, both occupied in mournful forebodings on the results that were to flow from this unexpected loss of their liberty. "Slue your faces this way, gentlemen," he added, "there; don't you think that a sight to put out the binnacle-lamps? there's darkness visible for ye!"

"Let the niggars alone," grumbled one of the more aged speakers; "what are ye sky-larking with the like of them for? the next thing they'll sing out, and then you'll hear one of the officers in your wake. For

my part, Nick, I can't see why it is that we keep dodging along shore here, with less than ten fathoms under us, when, by stretching into the broad Atlantic, we might fall in with a Jamaica-man every day or two, and have sugar hogsheads, and rum puncheons as plenty aboard us as hard fare is now."

"It is all owing to that Pilot," returned the other; "for d'ye see, if there was no bottom, there would be no Pilots. This is dangerous cruising ground, where we stretch into five fathoms, and then drop our lead on a sand-spit, or a rock! Besides, they make night work of it too! If we had day-light for fourteen hours instead of seven, a man might trust to feeling his way for the other ten."

"Now, a'n't ye a couple of old horse-marines!" again interrupted the young sailor; "don't you see that Congress wants us to cut up Johnny Bull's coasters, and that old Blow-Hard has found the days too short for his business, and so he has landed a party to get hold of night. Here we have him! and when we get off to the

ship, we shall put him under hatches, and then you'll see the face of the sun again! Come, my lilies! let these two old gentlemen look into your cabin windows—what? you wont! Then I must squeeze your woollen night-caps for ye!"

The negroes, who had been submitting to his humours with the abject humility of slavery, now gave certain low intimations that they were suffering pain, under the rough manipulation of their tormentor.

"What's that!" cried a stern voice, whose boyish tones seemed to mock the air of authority that was assumed by the speaker—"who's that, I say, raising that cry among ye?"

The wilful young man slowly removed his two hands from the woolly polls of the slaves, but as he suffered them to fall reluctantly along their sable temples, he gave the ear of one of the blacks a tweak that caused him to give vent to another cry, that was uttered with a much greater confidence of sympathy than before.

"Do ye hear, there!" repeated Merry "who's sky-larking with those negroes?"

" 'Tis no one, Sir," the sailor answered with affected gravity; " one of the pale faces has hit his shin against a cob-web, and it has made his car ache!"

" Harkye, you mister Jack Joker! how came you in the midst of the prisoners? did not I order you to handle your pike, Sir, and to keep in the outer line?"

" Ay, ay, Sir, you did; and I obeyed orders as long as I could; but these niggars have made the night so dark, that I lost my way!"

A low laugh passed through the confused crowd of seamen, and even the midshipman might have been indulging himself in a similar manner at this specimen of quaint humour, from the fellow, who was one of those licensed men that are to be found in every ship. At length—

" Well, Sir," he said, " you have found out your false reckoning now; so get you back to the place where I bid you stay."

" Ay, ay, Sir, I'm going. By all the blunders in the purser's book, Mr. Merry, but that cobweb has made one of these niggars shed tears! Do let me stay

to catch a little ink, Sir, to write a letter with to my poor old mother—devil the line has she had from me since we sailed from the Chesapeake !"

" If ye don't mind me at once, Mr. Jack Joker, I'll lay my cutlass over your head," returned Merry, his voice now betraying a much greater sympathy in the sufferings of that abject race, who are still in some measure, but who formerly were much more, the butts of the unthinking and licentious among our low countrymen ; " then ye can write your letter in red ink if ye will !"

" I wouldn't do it for the world," said Joker, sneaking away towards his proper station—" the old lady wouldn't forget the hand, and swear it was a forgery—I wonder, though, if the breakers on the coast of Guinea be black ! as I've heard old seamen say who have cruised in them latitudes."

His idle levity was suddenly interrupted by a voice that spoke above the low hum of the march, with an air of authority, and a severity of tone, that could always

quell, by a single word, the most violent ebullitions of merriment in the crew.

The low buzzing sounds of "Ay, there goes Mr. Griffith!" and of "Jack has woke up the first lieutenant, he had better now go to sleep himself;" were heard passing among the men. But these suppressed communications soon ceased, and even Jack Joker himself pursued his way with diligence, on the skirts of the party, as mutely as if the power of speech did not belong to his organization.

The reader has too often accompanied us over the ground between the Abbey and the ocean, to require any description of the route pursued by the seamen during the preceding characteristic dialogue; and we shall at once pass to the incidents which occurred on the arrival of the party at the cliffs. As the man who had so unexpectedly assumed a momentary authority within St. Ruth, had unaccountably disappeared from among them, Griffith continued to exercise the right of command, without referring to any other for consultation. He never addressed himself

to Barnstable, and it was apparent that both the haughty young men felt that the tie which had hitherto united them in such close intimacy, was, for the present at least, entirely severed. Indeed, Griffith was only restrained by the presence of Cecilia and Katherine, from arresting his refractory inferior on the spot; and Barnstable, who felt all the consciousness of error, without its proper humility, with difficulty so far repressed his feelings, as to forbear exhibiting in the presence of his mistress, such a manifestation of his spirit as his wounded vanity induced him to imagine was necessary to his honour. The two, however, acted in harmony on one subject, though it was without concert or communication. The first object with both the young men, was to secure the embarkation of the fair cousins; and Barnstable proceeded instantly to the boats, in order to hasten the preparations that were necessary before they could receive these unexpected captives.—The descent of the Pilot having been made in such force as to require the use of all the

frigate's boats, which were left riding in the outer edge of the surf, awaiting the return of the expedition. A loud call from Barnstable gave notice to the officer in command, and in a few moments the beach was crowded with the busy and active crews of the "cutters," "launches," "barges," "jolly-boats," "pinnaces," or by whatever names the custom of the times attached to the different attendants of vessels of war. Had the fears of the ladies themselves been consulted, the frigate's launch would have been selected for their use, on account of its size; but Barnstable, who would have thought such a choice on his part humiliating to his guests, ordered the long, low barge of Capt. Munson to be drawn upon the sand, it being peculiarly the boat of honour. The hands of fifty men were applied to the task, and it was soon announced to Col. Howard and his wards, that the little vessel was ready for their reception. Manual had halted on the summit of the cliffs with the whole body of the marines, where he was busily employed in posting picquets

and sentinels, and giving the necessary instructions to his men to cover the embarkation of the seamen, in a style that he conceived to be altogether military. The mass of the common prisoners, including the inferior domestics of the Abbey, and the men of Borroughcliffe, were also held in the same place, under a suitable guard; but Col. Howard and his companion, attended by the ladies and their own maids, had descended the rugged path to the beach, and were standing passively on the sands, when the intelligence that the boat waited for them, was announced.

"Where is he?" asked Alice Dunscombe, turning her head, as if anxiously searching for some other than those around her.

"Where is who?" inquired Barnstable; "we are all here, and the boat waits."

"And will he tear me—even me, from the home of my infancy! the land of my birth and my affections!"

"I know not of whom you speak, madam, but if it be of Mr. Griffith, he stands there, just without that cluster of seamen."

Griffith, hearing himself thus named, approached the ladies, and, for the first time since leaving the Abbey, addressed them:—"I hope I am already understood," he said, "and that it is unnecessary for me to say, that no female here is a prisoner: though should any choose to trust themselves on board our ship, I pledge to them the honour of an officer, that they shall find themselves protected, and safe."

"Then will I not go," said Alice.

"It is not expected of you," said Cecilia; "you have no ties to bind you any here."—(The eyes of Alice were still wandering over the listeners.) "Go, then, Miss Alice, and be the mistress of St. Ruth, until my return; or," she added, timidly, "until Colonel Howard may declare his pleasure."

"I obey you, dear child; but the agent of Colonel Howard, at B——, will undoubtedly be authorized to take charge of his effects."

While no one but his niece alluded to his will, the master of the Abbey had found,

in his resentment, a sufficient apology for his rigid demeanor; but he was far too well bred to hear, in silence, such a modest appeal to his wishes, from so fair, and so loyal a subject as Alice Dunscombe.

"To relieve you, madam, and for no other reason, will I speak on this subject," he said; "otherwise, I should leave the doors and windows of St. Ruth open, as a melancholy monument of rebellion, and seek my future compensation from the Crown, when the confiscated estates of the leaders of this accursed innovation on the rights of Princes shall come to the hammer. But you, Miss Alice, are entitled to every consideration that a lady can expect from a gentleman. Be pleased, therefore, to write to my agent, and request him to seal up my papers, and transmit them to the office of his Majesty's Secretary of State. They breathe no treason, madam, and are entitled to official protection. The house, and most of the furniture, as you know, are the property of my landlord, who, in due time, will doubtless take charge of his own interest. I kiss your

hand, Miss Alice, and I hope we shall yet meet at St. James's—depend on it, madam, that the Royal Charlotte shall yet honour your merits; I know she cannot but estimate your loyalty."

"Here I was born, in humble obscurity—here I have lived, and here I hope to die in quiet," returned the meek Alice; "if I have known any pleasure, in late years, beyond that which every Christian can find in our daily duties, it has been, my sweet friends, in your accidental society.—Such companions, in this remote corner of the kingdom, has been a boon too precious to be enjoyed without alloy, it seems, and I have now to exchange the past pleasure for present pain. Adieu! my young friends; let your trust be in Him, to whose eyes both prince and peasant, the European and the American, are alike, and we shall meet again, though it be neither in the island of Britain, nor on your own wide continent."

"That," said Colonel Howard, advancing and taking her hand with kindness, "that is the only disloyal sentiment I have ever

heard fall from the lips of Miss Alice Duns-combe! Is it to be supposed that Heaven has established orders among men, and that it does not respect the works of its own formation! But adieu; no doubt if time was allowed us for suitable explanations, we should find but little or no difference of opinion on this subject."

Alice did not appear to consider the matter as worthy of further discussion at such a moment, for she gently returned the Colonel's leave-taking, and then gave her undivided attention to her female friends. Cecilia wept bitterly on the shoulder of her respected companion, giving vent to her regret at parting, and her excited feelings, at the same moment; and Katherine pressed to the side of Alice, with the kindliness prompted by her warm, but truant heart. Their embraces were given and received in silence, and each of the young ladies moved towards the boat, as she withdrew herself from the arms of Miss Dunscombe. Colonel Howard would not precede his wards, neither would he assist them into the barge. That atten-

tion they received from Barnstable, who, after seeing the ladies and their attendants seated, turned to the gentlemen, and observed—

"The boat waits."

"Well, Miss Alice," said Borroughcliffe, in bitter irony, "you are entrusted, by our excellent host, with a message to his agent; will you do a similar service to me, and write a report to the commander of the district, and just tell him what a dolt—ay, use the plainest terms, and say what an ass, one Captain Borroughcliffe has proved himself in this affair. You may throw in, by way of episode, that he has been playing bo-peep with a rebellious young lady from the Colonies, and, like a great boy, has had his head broken for his pains! Come, my worthy host, or rather, fellow-prisoner, I follow you, as in duty bound."

"Stay," cried Griffith; "Captain Borroughcliffe does not embark in that boat."

"Ha! sir; am I to be herded with the common men? Forget you that I have the honour to bear the commission of his Britannic Majesty, and that—"

"I forget nothing that a gentleman is bound to remember, Captain Borroughcliffe; among other things, I recollect the liberality of your treatment to myself, when a prisoner. The instant the safety of my command will justify such a step, not only you, but your men, shall be set at liberty."

Borroughcliffe started in surprise; but his feelings were too much soured by the destruction of those visions of glory, in which he had been luxuriously indulging for the last day or two, to admit of his answering as became a man. He swallowed his emotions, therefore, by a violent effort, and walked along the beach, affecting to whistle a low, but lively air.

"Well, then," cried Barnstable—"all our captives are seated. The boat waits only for its officers!"

In his turn, Griffith walked away, in haughty silence, as if disdaining to hold communion with his former friend. Barnstable paused a moment, from a deference that long habit had created for his superior officer, and which was not to be

shaken off by every burst of angry passion; but perceiving that the other had no intention to return, he ordered the seamen to raise the boat from the sand and bear it bodily into the water. The command was instantly obeyed; and by the time the young lieutenant was in his seat the barge was floating in the still heavy, though no longer dangerous surf, and the crew sprang into their places.

"Bear her off, boys!" he cried; "never mind a wet jacket. I've seen many a worthy fellow tumbling on this beach in a worse time than this! Now you have her head to sea; give way, my souls, give way."

The seamen rose simultaneously at their oars, and, by an united effort, obtained the command of their boat; which, after making a few sudden ascents and as many heavy pitches in the breakers, gained the smoother seas of the swelling ocean, and stemmed the waters, in a direction for the place where the Alacrity was supposed to be in waiting.

CHAPTER VII.

His only plot was this—that much provoked,
He raised his vengeful arm against his country.

Thomson.

ALICE DUNSCOMBE remained on the sands, watching the dark spot that was soon hid amid the waves, in the obscurity of night, and listening, with melancholy interest, to the regulated sounds of the oars, which were audible long after the boat had been blended with the gloomy outline of the eastern horizon. When all traces of her departed friends were to be found only in her own recollections, she slowly turned from the sea, and hastening to quit the bustling throng, that were preparing for the embarkation of the rest of the party, she ascended the path that conducted her

once more to the summit of those cliffs, along which she had so often roved, gazing at the boundless element that washed their base, with sensations that might have been peculiar to her own situation.

The soldiers of Borroughcliffe, who were stationed at the head of the pass, respectfully made way; nor did any of the sentinels of Manual heed her retiring figure, until she approached the rear guard of the marines, who were commanded by their vigilant captain in person.

"Who goes there?" cried Manual, advancing without the dusky group of soldiers, as she approached them.

"One who possesses neither the power nor the inclination to do ye harm," answered the solitary female; "'tis Alice Dunscombe, returning, by permission of your leader, to the place of her birth."

"Ay," muttered Manual, "this is one of Griffith's unmilitary exhibitions of his politeness! does the man think that there was ever a woman who had no tongue! Have you the countersign, madam, that I

may know you bear a sufficient warrant to pass?"

"I have no other warrant besides my sex and weakness, unless Mr. Griffith's knowledge that I have left him, can be so construed."

"The two former are enough," said a voice that proceeded from a figure which had hitherto stood unseen, shaded by the trunk of an oak, that spread its wide, but naked arms, nearly over the spot where the guard was paraded.

"Who have we here?" Manual again cried; "come on; yield or you will be fired at."

"What, will the gallant Captain Manual fire on his own rescuer!" said the Pilot, with cool disdain, as he advanced from the shadow of the tree. "He had better reserve his bullets for his enemies, than waste them on his friends."

"You have done a dangerous deed, sir, in approaching, clandestinely, a guard of marines! I wonder that a man who has discovered already, to-night, that he has some knowledge of tactics, by so ably con-

ducting a surprise, should betray so much ignorance in the forms of approaching a picquet!"

"'Tis now of no moment," returned the Pilot; "my knowledge and my ignorance are alike immaterial, as the command of the party is surrendered to other, and perhaps more proper hands. But I would talk to this lady alone, sir; she is an acquaintance of my youth, and I will see her part of the way back to the Abbey."

"The step would be unmilitary, Mr. Pilot, and you will excuse me if I do not consent to any of our expedition straggling without the sentries. If you choose to remain here to hold your discourse, I will march the picquet out of hearing; though I must acknowledge I see no ground so favourable as this we are on, to keep you within the range of our eyes. You perceive that I have a ravine to retreat into, in case of surprise, with this line of wall on my left flank, and the trunk of that tree to cover my right. A very pretty stand might be made here, on emergency; for even the oldest troops fight

the best when their flanks are properly covered, and a way to make a regular retreat is open in their rear."

"Say no more, sir; I would not break up such a position on any account," returned the Pilot; "Miss Dunscombe will consent to retrace her path for a short distance."

Alice followed his steps, in compliance with this request, until he had led her to a place, at some little distance from the marines, where a tree had been prostrated by the late gale. She seated herself quietly on its trunk, and appeared to await with patience his own time for the explanation of his motives, in seeking this interview. The Pilot paced, for several minutes, back and forth, in front of the place where she was seated, in profound silence, as if communing with himself, when, suddenly throwing off his air of absence, he came to her side, and assumed a position similar to that which she herself had taken.

"The hour is at hand, Alice, when we must part," he at length commenced; "it

rests with yourself whether it shall be for ever."

"Let it then be for ever, John," she returned, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"That word would have been less appalling, had this accidental meeting never occurred. And yet your choice may have been determined by prudence—for what is there in my fate that can tempt a woman to wish that she might share it!"

"If ye mean your lot is that of one who can find but few, or even none, to partake of his joys, or to share in his sorrows, whose life is a continual scene of dangers and calamities, of disappointments and mishaps, then do ye know but little of the heart of woman, if ye doubt of either her ability or her willingness, to meet them with the man of her choice."

"Say you thus, Alice! then have I misunderstood your meaning, or misinterpreted your acts. My lot is not altogether that of a neglected man, unless the favour of princes, and the smiles of queens, can be thus termed! My life is, however, one of many and fearful dangers; and yet it is

not filled altogether with calamities and mishaps; is it, Alice?" He paused a moment, but in vain, for her answer. "Nay, then I have been deceived in the estimation that the world has affixed to my combats and enterprises! I am not, Alice, the man I would be, or even the man I had deemed myself."

"You have gained a name, John, among the warriors of the age," she answered, in a subdued voice; "and it is a name that may be said to be written in blood!"

"The blood of my enemies, Alice!"

"The blood of the subjects of your natural prince! The blood of those who breathe the air you first breathed, and who were taught the same holy lessons of instruction that you were first taught; but which, I fear, you have too soon forgotten!"

"The blood of the slaves of despotism!" he sternly interrupted her; "the blood of the enemies of freedom! you have dwelt so long in this dull retirement, and you have cherished so blindly the prejudices of your youth, that the promise of those noble sentiments I once thought I could see

budding in Alice Dunscombe, has not been fulfilled."

"I have lived and thought only as a woman, as become my sex and station," Alice meekly replied; "and when it shall be necessary for me to live and think otherwise, I should wish to die."

"Ay, there lie the first seeds of slavery! A dependant woman is sure to make the mother of craven and abject wretches, who dishonour the name of man!"

"I shall never be the mother of children good or bad,"—said Alice, with that resignation in her tones that showed she had abandoned the natural hopes of her sex.—"Singly and unsupported have I lived; alone and unlamented must I be carried to my grave."

The exquisite pathos of her voice, as she uttered this placid speech, blended as it was with the sweet and calm dignity of virgin pride, touched the heart of her listener, and he continued silent many moments, as if in reverence of her determination. Her sentiments awakened in his own breast those feelings of generosity and disinterestedness,

which had nearly been smothered in restless ambition and the pride of success. He resumed the discourse, therefore, more mildly, and with a much greater exhibition of deep feeling, and less of passion, in his manner.

"I know not, Alice, that I ought, situated as I am, and contented, if not happy, as you are, even to attempt to revive in your bosom those sentiments which I was once led to think existed there. It cannot, after all, be a desirable fate, to share the lot of a rover like myself; one who may be termed a Quixote in the behalf of liberal principles, and who may be hourly called to seal the truth of those principles with his life."

"There never existed any sentiment in my breast, in which you are concerned, that does not exist there still, and unchanged," returned Alice, with her single-hearted sincerity.

"Do I hear you aright! or have I misconceived your resolution to abide in England! or have I not rather mistaken your early feelings?"

"You have fallen into no error now nor

then. The weakness may still exist, John, but, the strength to struggle with it, has, by the goodness of God, grown with my years. It is not, however, of myself, but of you that I would speak. I have lived like one of our simple daisies, which in the budding may have caught your eye; and I shall also fade like the humble flower, when the winter of my time arrives, without being missed from the fields that have known me for a season. But your fall, John, will be like that of the oak that now supports us, and men shall pronounce on the beauty and grandeur of the noble stem while standing, as well as of its usefulness when felled."

"Let them pronounce as they will!" returned the proud stranger. "The truth must be finally known, and when that hour shall come, they will say, he was a faithful and gallant warrior in his day; and a worthy lesson for all who are born in slavery, but would live in freedom, shall be found in his example!"

"Such may be the language of that distant people, whom ye have adopted in the

place of those that once formed home and kin to ye," said Alice, glancing her eye timidly at his countenance, as if to discern how far she might venture without awakening his resentment; "but what will the men of the land of your birth transmit to their children, who will be the children of those that are of your own blood?"

"They will say, Alice, whatever their crooked policy may suggest, or their disappointed vanity can urge. But the picture must be drawn by the friends of the hero as well as by his enemies! Think you that there are not pens as well as swords in America?"

"I have heard that America called a land, John, where God has lavished his favours with an unsparing hand; where he has bestowed many climes with their several fruits, and where his power is exhibited no less than his mercy. It is said her rivers are without any known end, and that lakes are found in her bosom which would put our German Ocean to shame! That plains, teeming with verdure, are spread over her wide degrees, and yet those sweet valleys, which

a single heart can hold, are not wanting. In short, John, I hear it is a broad land, that can furnish food for each passion, and contain objects for every affection."

"Ay, you have found those, Alice, in your solitude, who have been willing to do her justice. It is a country that can form a world of itself; and why should they who inherit it look to other nations for their laws?"

"I pretend not to reason on the right of the children of that soil, to do whatever they may deem most meet for their own welfare," returned Alice; "but can men be born in such a land, and not know the feeling which binds a human being to the place of his birth?"

"Can you doubt that they should be patriotic?" exclaimed the Pilot, in surprise. "Do not their efforts in this sacred cause, their patient sufferings, their long privations, speak loudly in their behalf?"

"And will they, who know so well how to love home, sing the praises of him who has turned his ruthless hand against the land of his fathers?"

"For ever harping on that word home!" said the Pilot, who now detected the timid approaches of Alice to her hidden meaning. "Is man a stick or a stone, that he must be cast into the fire, or buried in a wall, wherever his fate may have doomed him to appear on the earth? The sound of home is said to feed the vanity of an Englishman, let him go where he will; but it would seem to have a still more powerful charm with English women!"

"It is the dearest of all terms to every woman, John, for it embraces the dearest of all ties! If your dames of America are ignorant of its charm, all the favours which God has lavished on their land will avail their happiness but little."

"Alice," said the Pilot, rising in his agitation, "I see but too well the object of your allusions. But on this subject we can never agree; for not even your power can draw me from the path of glory in which I am now treading. Our time is growing brief; let us then talk of other things.—This may be the last time that I shall ever put foot on the island of Britain."

Alice paused to struggle with the feelings excited by this remark, before she pursued the discourse; but, soon shaking off the weakness, she added, with a rigid adherence to that course which she believed to be her duty.—

"And now, John, that you have landed, is the breaking up of a peaceful family, and the violence ye have shown towards an aged man, a fit exploit for one whose object is the glory of which ye have spoken?"

"Think you that I have landed, and placed my life in the hands of my enemies, for so unworthy an object! No, Alice, my motive for this undertaking has been disappointed, and therefore will ever remain a secret from the world. But duty to my cause has prompted the step which you so unthinkingly condemn. This Colonel Howard has some consideration with those in power, and will answer to exchange for a better man. As for his wards, you forget their home, their magical home, is in America; unless, indeed, they find them nearer at hand, under the proud flag of a

frigate, that is now waiting for them in the offing."

"You talk of a frigate!" said Alice, with sudden interest in the subject—"Is she your only means of escaping from your enemies?"

"Alice Dunscombe has taken but little heed of passing events, to ask such a question of me!" returned the haughty Pilot. "The question would have sounded more discreetly, had it been, 'is she the only vessel with you that your enemies will have to escape from?'"

"Nay, I cannot measure my language at such a moment," continued Alice, with a still stronger exhibition of anxiety. "It was my fortune to overhear a part of a plan that was intended to destroy, by sudden means, those vessels of America that were in our seas."

"That might be a plan more suddenly adopted than it can be executed, my good Alice. And who were those redoubtable schemers?"

"I know not but my duty to the king

should cause me to suppress this information," said Alice, hesitating.

"Well, be it so," returned the Pilot, coolly; "it may prove the means of saving the persons of some of the royal officers from death or captivity. I have already said, this may be the last of my visits to this island, and consequently, Alice, the last of our interviews—"

"And yet," said Alice, as if pursuing the train of her own thoughts, "there can be but little harm in sparing human blood! and least of all in serving those whom we have long known and regarded!"

"Ay, that is a simple doctrine, and one that is easily maintained," he added, with much apparent indifference; "and yet king George might well spare some of his servants—the list of the abject minions is so long!"

"There was a man named Dillon, who lately dwelt in the Abbey, but who has mysteriously disappeared," continued Alice; "or rather who was captured by

your companions: know ye aught of him, John?"

"I have heard there was a miscreant of that name, but we have never met. Alice, if it please heaven that this shall be the last"—

"He was a captive in a schooner called the Ariel," she added, still unheeding his affected indifference to her communication —"and when permitted to return to St. Ruth, he lost sight of his solemn promise, and of his plighted honour, to wreak his malice. Instead of effecting the exchange that he had conditioned to see made, he plotted treason against his captors. Yes! it was most foul treason! for his treatment was generous and kind, and his liberation certain."

"He was a most unworthy scoundrel! But, Alice—"

"Nay, listen, John," she continued, urged to even a keener interest in his behalf, by his apparent inattention; "and yet I should speak tenderly of his failings, for he is already numbered with the dead. One part of his scheme must have been

frustrated, for he intended to destroy that schooner which you call the Ariel, and to have taken the person of the young Barnstable."

"In both of which he has failed.—The person of Barnstable I have rescued, and the Ariel has been stricken by a hand far mightier than any of this world!—she is wrecked."

"Then is the frigate your only means of escape? Hasten, John, and seem not so proud and heedless, for the hour may come when all your daring will not profit ye against the machinations of secret enemies. This Dillon had also planned that expresses should journey to a sea-port at the south, with the intelligence that your vessels were in these seas, in order that ships might be despatched to intercept your retreat."

The Pilot lost his affected indifference as she proceeded; and before she ceased speaking, his eye was endeavouring to anticipate her words, by reading her countenance through the dusky medium of the star-light.

"How know you this, Alice?" he asked quickly, "and what vessel did he name?"

"Chance made me an unseen listener to their plan,—and I know not but I forget my duty to my prince—but, John, 'tis asking too much of weak woman, to require that she shall see the man whom she once viewed with eyes of favour, sacrificed, when a word of caution, given in season, might enable him to avoid the danger."

"Once viewed with an eye of favour! Is it then so?" said the Pilot, speaking in a vacant manner. "But, Alice, heard ye the force of the ships, or their names? Give me their names, and the first lord of your British Admiralty shall not give so true an account of their force as I will furnish from this list of my own."

"Their names were certainly mentioned," said Alice, with tender melancholy, "but the name of one far nearer to me was ringing in my ears, and has driven them from my mind."

"You are the same good Alice I once knew. And my name was mentioned? What said they of the Pirate? Had his

arm stricken a blow that made them tremble in their Abbey? Did they call him coward, girl?"

"It was mentioned in terms that pained my heart as I listened. For, it is ever too easy a task to forget the lapse of years, nor are the feelings of youth to be easily eradicated."

"Ay, there is luxury in knowing, that with all their affected abuse, the slaves dread me in their secret holds!" exclaimed the Pilot, pacing in front of his listener, with quick steps. "This it is to be marked, among men, above all others in your calling! I hope yet to see the day when the third George shall start at the sound of that name, even within the walls of his palace."

Alice Dunscombe heard him in deep and mortified silence; for it was too evident that a link in the chain of their sympathies was broken, and that the weakness in which she had been unconsciously indulging, was met by no correspondent emotion in him. After sinking her head for a moment on her bosom, she arose with

a little more than her usual air of meekness, and recalled the Pilot to a sense of her presence, by saying, in a yet milder voice,—

"I have now communicated all that it can profit you to know, and it is meet that we separate."

"What, thus soon!" he cried, starting and taking her hand. "This is but a short interview, Alice, to precede so long a separation."

"Be it short, or be it long, it must now end," she replied. "Your companions are on the eve of departure, and I trust you would be one of the last who would wish to be deserted. If ye do visit England again, I hope it may be with altered sentiments, so far as regards her interests. I wish ye peace, John, and the blessings of God, as ye may be found to deserve them."

"I ask no farther, unless it may be the aid of your gentle prayers! But the night is gloomy, and I will see you in safety to the Abbey."

"It is unnecessary," she returned, with

womanly reserve. "The innocent can be as fearless on occasion, as the most valiant among you warriors. But here is no cause for fear. I will take a path that will conduct me in a different way from that which is occupied by your soldiers, and where I shall find none but Him who is ever present to protect the helpless. Once more, John, I bid ye adieu." Her voice faltered as she continued—"ye will share the lot of humanity, and have your hours of care and weakness; at such moments ye can remember those ye leave on this despised island, and perhaps among them ye may think of some whose interest in your welfare has been far removed from selfishness."

"God be with you, Alice!" he said, touched with her emotion, and losing all vain images in more worthy feelings—"but I cannot permit you to go alone."

"Here we part, John," she said firmly, "and for ever! 'Tis for the happiness of both, for I fear we have but little in common." She gently wrested her hand from his grasp, and once more bidding him adieu, in a voice that was nearly inaudible,

she turned and slowly disappeared, moving with lingering steps, in the direction of the Abbey.

The first impulse of the Pilot was, certainly, to follow, and insist on seeing her on the way; but the music of the guard on the cliffs, at that moment sent forth its martial strains, and the whistle of the boatswain was heard winding its shrill call among the rocks, in those notes that his practised ear well understood to be the last signal for embarking.

Obedient to the summons, this singular man, in whose breast the natural feelings, that were now on the eve of a violent eruption, had so long been smothered by the visionary expectations of a wild ambition, and perhaps of fierce resentments, pursued his course, in deep abstraction, towards the boats. He was soon met by the soldiers of Borroughcliffe, deprived of their arms, it is true, but unguarded, and returning peacefully to their quarters. The mind of the Pilot, happily for the liberty of these men, was too much absorbed in his peculiar reflections, to note this act of

Griffith's generosity, nor did he arouse from his musing until his steps were arrested by suddenly encountering a human figure in the path-way. A light tap on his shoulder was the first mark of recognition he received, when Borroughcliffe, who stood before him, said—

"It is evident, Sir, from what has passed this evening, that you are not what you seem. You may be some rebel admiral or general, for aught that I know, the right to command having been strangely contested among ye this night. But let who will own the chief authority, I take the liberty of whispering in your ear that I have been scurvily treated by you—I repeat most scurvily treated by you all, generally, and by you in particular."

The Pilot started at this strange address, which was uttered with all the bitterness that could be imparted to it by a disappointed man, but he motioned with his hand for the captain to depart, and turned aside to pursue his own way.

"Perhaps I am not properly understood," continued the obstinate soldier;

"I say, Sir, you have treated me scurvily, and I would not be thought to say this to any gentleman, without wishing to give him an opportunity to vent his anger."

The eye of the Pilot, as he moved forward, glanced at the pistols which Borroughcliffe held in his hands, the one by the handle, and the other by its barrel, and the soldier even fancied that his footsteps were quickened by the sight. After gazing at him until his form was lost in the darkness, the captain muttered to himself—

"He is no more than a common Pilot after all! No true gentleman would have received so palpable a hint with such a start. Ah! here comes the party of my worthy friend whose palate knows a grape of the north side of Madeira, from one of the south. The dog has the throat of a gentleman! we will see how he can swallow a delicate allusion to his faults!"

Borroughcliffe stepped aside to allow the marines, who were also in motion for the boats, to pass, and watched with keen looks for the person of the commander. Manual, who had been previously apprized

of the intention of Griffith to release the prisoners, had halted to see that none but those who had been liberated by authority, were marching into the country. This accidental circumstance gave Borroughcliffe an opportunity of meeting the other at some little distance from either of their repective parties.

"I greet you, Sir," said Borroughcliffe, "with all affection. This has been a pleasant forage for you, Capt. Manual."

The marine was far from being disposed to wrangle, but there was that in the voice of the other which caused him to answer—

"It would have been far pleasanter, Sir, if I had met an opportunity of returning to Captain Borroughcliffe some of the favours that I have received at his hands."

"Nay, then, dear Sir, you weigh my modesty to the earth! Surely you forget the manner in which my hospitality has been requited—by some two hours' mouthing of my sword hilt; with a very unceremonious ricochet into a corner; together with a love-tap, received over the shoul-

ders of one of my men, by so gentle an instrument as the butt of a musket! Damme, Sir, but I think an ungrateful man only a better sort of beast!"

"Had the love tap been given to the officer instead of the man," returned Manual, with all commendable coolness, "it would have been better justice; and the ramrod might have answered as well as the butt, to floor a gentleman who carried the allowance of four thirsty fiddlers under one man's jacket."

"Now, that is rank ingratitude to your own cordial of the south side, and a most biting insult! I really see but one way of terminating this wordy war, which if not discreetly ended, may lead us far into the morning."

"Elect your own manner of determining the dispute, Sir; I hope, however, it will not be by your innate knowledge of mankind, which has already mistaken a captain of marines in the service of Congress, for a runaway lover, bound to some green place or other."

"You might just as well tweak my

nose, Sir!" said Borroughcliffe. "Indeed, I think it would be the milder reproach of the two! will you make your selection of these, Sir? They were loaded for a very different sort of service, but I doubt not will answer on occasion."

"I am provided with a pair, that are charged for any service," returned Manual, drawing a pistol from his own belt, and stepping backward a few paces.

"You are destined for America, I know," said Borroughcliffe, who stood his ground with consummate coolness; "but it would be more convenient for me, Sir, if you could delay your march for a single moment."

"Fire and defend yourself!" exclaimed Manual furiously, retracing his steps towards his enemy.

The sounds of the two pistols were blended in one report, and the soldiers of Borroughcliffe and the marines all rushed to the place, on the sudden alarm. Had the former been provided with arms, it is probable a bloody fray would have been the consequence of the sight that both par-

ties beheld on arriving at the spot, which they did simultaneously. Manual lay on his back, without any signs of life, and Borroughcliffe had changed his cool, haughty, upright attitude, for a recumbent posture, which was somewhat between lying and sitting.

"Is the poor fellow actually expended?" said the Englishman, in something like the tones of regret; "well, he had a soldier's metal in him, and was nearly as great a fool as myself!"

The marines had, luckily for the soldiers and their captain, by this time discovered the signs of life in their own commander, who had been only slightly stunned by the bullet which had grazed his crown, and who being assisted on his feet, stood a minute or two rubbing his head, as if awaking from a dream. As Manual came gradually to his senses he recollected the business in which he had just been engaged, and, in his turn, inquired after the fate of his antagonist.

"I am here, my worthy incognito," cried the other, with a voice of perfect

good nature; "lying in the lap of mother Earth, and all the better for opening a vein or two in my right leg;—though I do think that the same effect might have been produced without treating the bone so roughly!—But I opine that I saw you also reclining on the bosom of our common ancestor."

"I was down for a few minutes, I do believe," returned Manual; "there is the path of a bullet across my scalp!"

"Humph! on the head!" said Borroughcliffe, dryly; "the hurt is not likely to be mortal, I see.—Well, I shall offer to raffle with the first poor devil I can find that has but one good leg, for who shall have both; and that will just set up a beggar and a gentleman!—Manual, give me your hand; we have drank together, and we have fought; surely there is nothing now to prevent our being sworn friends!"

"Why," returned Manual, continuing to rub his head, "I see no irremoveable objections—but you will want a surgeon? can I order any thing to be done? There go the signals again to embark—march the

fellows down at quick time, sergeant; my own man may remain with me, or, I can do altogether without assistance."

"Ah! you are what I call a well made man, my dear friend!" exclaimed Borroughcliffe; "no weak points about your fortress! such a man is worthy to be the *head* of a whole corps, instead of a solitary company;—Gently, Drill, gently; handle me as if I were made of potter's clay;—I will not detain you longer, my friend Manual, for I hear signal after signal; they must be in want of some of your astonishing reasoning faculties to set them afloat."

Manual might have been offended at the palpable allusions that his new friend made to the firmness of his occiput, had not his perception of things been a little confused, by a humming sound that seemed to abide near the region of thought. As it was, he reciprocated the good wishes of the other, whom he shook most cordially by the hand, and once more renewed his offers of service, after exchanging sundry friendly speeches.

"I thank you quite as much as if I were

not at all indebted to you for letting blood, thereby saving me a fit of apoplexy; but Drill has already dispatched a messenger to B—— for a leech, and the lad may bring the whole depôt down upon you.—Adieu, once more, and remember, that if you ever visit England again as a friend, you are to let me see you."

"I shall do it without fail; and I shall keep you to your promise, if you once more put foot in America."

"Trust me for that; I shall stand in need of your excellent head to guide me safely among those rude foresters! Adieu; cease not to bear me in your thoughts."

"I shall never cease to remember you, my good friend," returned Manual, again scratching the member, which was snapping in a manner that caused him to fancy he heard it. Once more these worthies shook each other by the hand, and again they renewed their promises of future intercourse; after which they separated like two reluctant lovers—parting in a manner that would have put to shame the friendship of Orestes and Pylades!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself."
Hamlet.

During the time occupied by the incidents that occurred after the Pilot had made his descent on the land, the Alacrity, now under the orders of Mr. Boltrope, the master of the frigate, lay off and on, in readiness to receive the successful mariners. The direction of the wind had been gradually changing from the north-east to the south, during the close of the day; and long before the middle watches of the night, the wary old seaman, who, it may be remembered, had expressed, in the council of war, such a determined reluctance to trust his person within the realm of Britain, ordered the man who steered the cutter to stand in boldly for the land. Whenever the lead told them that it was prudent to tack, the course of the vessel was changed, and in this manner the sea-

men continued to employ the hours in patient attendance on the adventurers. The sailing-master, who had spent the early years of his life as the commander of divers vessels employed in trading, was apt, like many men of his vocation and origin, to mistake the absence of refinement for the surest evidence of seamanship; and, consequently, he held the little courtesies and punctilios of a man-of-war in high disdain. His peculiar duties of superintending the expenditure of the ship's stores, in their several departments; of keeping the frigate's log-book, and of making his daily examinations into the state of her sails and rigging, brought him so little in collision with the gay, laughing, reckless young lieutenants, who superintended the usual conduct of the vessel, that he might be said to have formed a distinct species of the animal, though certainly of the same genus with his more polished messmates. Whenever circumstances, however, required that he should depart from the dull routine of his duty, he made it a rule, as far as possible, to associate himself with such of the crew as

possessed habits and opinions the least at variance with his own.

By a singular fatality, the chaplain of the frigate was, as respects associates, in a condition, nearly assimilated to that of this veteran tar.

An earnest desire to ameliorate the situation of those who were doomed to meet death on the great deep, had induced an inexperienced and simple-hearted divine to accept this station, in the fond hope, that he might be made the favoured instrument of salvation to many, who were then existing in a state of the most abandoned self-forgetfulness. Neither our limits, nor our present object, will permit the relation of the many causes that led, not only to an entire frustration of all his visionary expectations, but to an issue which rendered the struggle of the good divine with himself both arduous and ominous, in order to maintain his own claims to the merited distinctions of his sacred office. The consciousness of his backsliding had so far lessened the earthly, if not the spiritual pride of the chaplain, as to in-

duce him to relish the society of the rude master, whose years had brought him, at times, to take certain views of futurity, that were singularly affected by the peculiar character of the individual. It might have been that both found themselves out of their places—but it was owing to some such secret sympathy, let its origin be what it would, that the two came to be fond of each other's company. On the night in question, Mr. Boltrope had invited the chaplain to accompany him in the Alacrity; adding, in his broad, rough language, that as there was to be fighting on shore, "his hand might come in play with some poor fellow or other." This singular invitation had been accepted, as well from a desire to relieve the monotony of a sea life, by any change, as perhaps with a secret yearning in the breast of the troubled divine, to get as nigh to terra firma as possible. Accordingly, after the Pilot had landed with his boisterous party, the sailing-master and the chaplain, together with a boatswain's-mate and some ten or twelve seamen, were left in quiet

possession of the cutter. The first few hours of this peaceable intercourse had been spent by the worthy messmates, in the little cabin of the vessel, over a can of grog, the savoury relish of which was much increased by a characteristic disquisition on polemical subjects, which our readers have great reason to regret it is not our present humour to record. When, however, the winds invited the nearer approach to the hostile shores already mentioned, the prudent sailing-master adjourned the discussion to another and more suitable time, removing himself and the can, by the same operation, to the quarter-deck.

"There," cried the honest tar, placing the wooden vessel, with great self-contentment, by his side on the deck, "this is ship's comfort! There is a good deal of what I call a lubber's fuss, parson, kept up on board a ship that shall be nameless, but which bears, about three leagues distant, broad off in the ocean, and which is lying-to under a close-reefed maintop-sail, a foretopmast-staysail and foresail—I call my hand a true one in mixing a can—take

another pull at the halyards! 'twill make your eye twinkle like a light-house, this dark morning! You wont? well we must give no offence to the Englishman's rum."—After a potent draught had succeeded this considerate declaration, he added—"You are a little like our first lieutenant, parson, who drinks, as I call it, nothing but the elements—which is, water stiffened with air!"

"Mr. Griffith may indeed be said to set a wholesome example to the crew," returned the chaplain, perhaps with a slight consciousness that it had not altogether possessed its due weight with himself.

"Wholesome!" cried Boltrope; "let me tell you, my worthy leaf-turner, that if you call such a light diet wholesome, you know but little of salt-water and sea-fogs! However, Mr. Griffith is a seaman; and if he gave his mind less to trifles and gimcracks, he would be, by the time he got to about our years, a very rational sort of a companion.—But you see, parson, just now, he thinks too much of small follies; such as man-of-war discipline.—Now

there is rationality in giving a fresh nip to a rope, or in looking well at your mats, or even in crowning a cable; but damme, priest, if I see the use—luff, luff, ye lubber; don't ye see, sir, you are steering for Garmany!—if I see the use, as I was saying, of making a rumpus about the time when a man changes his shirt; whether it be this week, or next week, or for that matter, the week after, provided it be bad weather. I sometimes am mawkish about attending muster, (and I believe I have as little to fear on the score of behaviour as any man,) lest it should be found I carried my tobacco in the wrong cheek!"

"I have indeed thought it somewhat troublesome to myself, at times; and it is in a striking degree vexatious to the spirit, especially when the body has been suffering under sea-sickness."

"Why, yes, you were a little apt to bend your duds wrong for the first month, or so," said the master; "I remember you got the marine's scraper on your head, once, in your hurry to bury a dead man! Then you never looked as if you belonged

to the ship, so long as those cursed black knee-breeches lasted! For my part, I never saw you come up the quarter-deck ladder, but I expected to see your shins give way across the combing of the hatch—a man does look like the devil, priest, scudding about a ship's decks in that fashion, under bare poles! But now the tailor has found out the articles ar'n't seaworthy, and we have got your lower stanchions cased in a pair of purser's slops, I am puzzled often to tell your heels from those of a main-top-man!"

"I have good reason to be thankful for the change," said the humbled priest, "if the resemblance you mention existed, while I was clad in the usual garb of one of my calling."

"What signifies a calling?" returned Boltrope, catching his breath after a most persevering draught; "a man's shins are his shins, let his upper works belong to what sarvice they may. I took an early prejudice against knee-breeches, perhaps from a trick I've always had of figuring the Devil as wearing them. You know,

parson, we seldom hear much said of a man, without forming some sort of an idea concerning his rigging and fashion-pieces —and so as I had no particular reason to believe that Satan went naked—keep full ye lubber; now you are running into the wind's eye, and be d——d to ye!—but as I was saying, I always took a conceit that the devil wore knee-breeches and a cock'd hat. There's some of our young lieutenants, who come to muster on Sundays in cock'd hats, just like soldier-officers; but, d'ye see, I would sooner show my nose under a night cap, than under a scraper!"

"I hear the sound of oars!" exclaimed the chaplain, who finding this image more distinct than even his own vivid conceptions of the great Father of evil, was quite willing to conceal his inferiority by changing the discourse—"Is not one of our boats returning?"

"Ay, ay, 'tis likely; if it had been me, I should have been land-sick before this—wear round, boys, and stand by to heave-to on the other tack."

The cutter, obedient to her helm, fell off before the wind, and rolling an instant in the trough of the sea, came up again easily to her oblique position, with her head towards the cliffs, and gradually losing her way, as her sails were brought to counteract each other, finally became stationary. During the performance of this evolution, a boat had hove up out of the gloom, in the direction of the land, and by the time the Alacrity was in a state of rest, it had approached so nigh as to admit of hailing.

"Boat ahoy!" murmured Boltrope, through a trumpet, which, aided by his lungs, produced sounds not unlike the roaring of a bull.

"Ay, ay," was thrown back from a clear voice, that swept across the water with a fulness that needed no factitious aid to render it audible.

"Ay, there comes one of the lieutenants, with his ay, ay," said Boltrope—"pipe the side, there, you boatswain's-mate! But here's another fellow more on your quarter! boat a-hoy!"

" Alacrity," returned another voice, in a direction different from the other.

" Alacrity! There goes my commission of captain of this craft, in a whiff," returned the sailing-master.—" That is as much as to say, here comes one who will command when he gets on board. Well, well, it is Mr. Griffith, and I can't say, notwithstanding his love of knee-buckles and small wares, but I'm glad he is out of the hands of the English! Ay, here they all come upon us at once! here is another fellow, that pulls like the jolly-boat, coming up on our lee-beam, within hail—let us see if he is asleep—boat ahoy!"

" Flag!" answered a third voice from a small light-rowing boat which had approached very near the cutter, in a direct line from the cliffs, without being observed.

" Flag!" echoed Boltrope, dropping his trumpet in amazement, " that's a big word to come out of a jolly-boat! Jack Manly himself could not have spoke it with a fuller mouth; but I'll know who it is that carries such a weather helm, with a

Yankee man-of-war's prize! Boat a-hoy! I say."

This last call was uttered in those short menacing tones, that are intended to be understood as intimating that the party hailing is in earnest; and it caused the men who were rowing, and who were now quite close to the cutter, to suspend their strokes, simultaneously, as if they dreaded that the cry would be instantly succeeded by some more efficient means of ascertaining their character. The figure that was seated by itself in the stern of the boat, started at this second summons, and then, as if with sudden recollection, a quiet voice replied—

"No—no."

"'No—no, and 'flag,' are very different answers," grumbled Boltrope; "what know-nothing have we here!"

He was yet muttering his dissatisfaction at the ignorance of the individual that was approaching, whoever it might be, when the jolly-boat came slowly to their side, and the Pilot stepped from her stern-sheets on the decks of the prize.

"Is it you, Mr. Pilot?" exclaimed the

sailing-master, raising a battle lantern within a foot of the other's face, and looking with a sort of stupid wonder at the proud and angry eye he encountered—"is it you? well, I should have rated you for a man of more experience than to come booming down upon a man-of-war in the dark with such a big word in your mouth, when every boy in the two vessels knows that we carry no swallow-tailed bunting abroad! Flag! why you might have got a shot had there been soldiers."

The Pilot threw him a still fiercer glance, and turning away with a look of disgust, he walked along the quarter-deck towards the stern of the vessel with an air of haughty silence, as if disdaining to answer. Boltrope kept his eyes fastened on him for a moment longer, with some appearance of scorn, but the arrival of the boat first hailed, which proved to be the barge, immediately drew his attention to other matters. Barnstable had been rowing about in the ocean for a long time, unable to find the cutter, and as he had been compelled to suit his own demeanour to those with

whom he was associated, he reached the Alacrity in no very good-humoured mood. Colonel Howard and his niece had maintained, during the whole period, the most rigid silence, the former from pride, and the latter touched with her uncle's evident displeasure; and Katherine, though secretly elated with the success of all her projects, was content to emulate their demeanour for a short time, in order to save appearances. Barnstable had several times addressed himself to the latter, without receiving any other answer than such as was absolutely necessary to prevent the lover from taking direct offence, at the same time that she intimated by her manner her willingness to remain silent. Accordingly, the lieutenant, after aiding the ladies to enter the cutter, and offering to perform the same service to Colonel Howard, which was coldly declined, turned, with that sort of irritation that is by no means less rare in vessels of war than with poor human nature generally, and gave vent to his spleen where he dared.

"How's this! Mr. Boltrope!" he cried,

"here are boats coming alongside with ladies in them, and you keep your gaft swayed up till the leach of the sail is stretched like a fiddle-string—settle away your peak-halyards, Sir, settle away!"

"Ay, ay, Sir," grumbled the master; "settle away that peak there; though the craft wouldn't forge ahead a knot in a month, with all her gibs hauled over!" He walked sulkily forward among the men, followed by the meek divine; and added, "I should as soon have expected to see Mr. Barnstable come off with a live ox in his boat as a petticoat! The Lord only knows what the ship is coming to next, parson! what between cocked hats and epaulettes, and other knee-buckle matters, she was a sort of no-man's-land before, and now, what with the women, and their banboxes, they'll make another Noah's Ark of her. I wonder they didn't all come aboard in a coach and six, or a one horse shay!"

It was a surprising relief to Barnstable to be able to give utterance to his humour, for a few moments, by ordering the m-

to make sundry alterations in every department of the vessel, in a quick, hurried voice, that abundantly denoted, not only the importance of his improvements, but the temper in which they were dictated. In his turn, however, he was soon compelled to give way by the arrival of Griffith, in the heavily rowing launch of the frigate, which was crowded with a larger body of the seamen who had been employed in the expedition. In this manner, boat after boat speedily arrived, and the whole party were once more happily embarked in safety, under their national flag.

The small cabin of the Alacrity was relinquished to Colonel Howard and his wards, with their attendants. The boats were dropped astern, each protected by its own keeper; and Griffith gave forth the mandate, to fill the sails and steer broad off into the ocean. For more than half an hour the cutter held her course in this direction, gliding gracefully through the glittering waters, rising and settling heavily on the long, smooth billows, as if conscious of the unusual burden that she was

doomed to carry; but at the end of that period, her head was once more brought near the wind, and she was again held at rest, awaiting the appearance of the dawn, in order to discover the position of the prouder vessel, on which she was performing the humble duty of a tender. More than a hundred and fifty living men were crowded within her narrow limits; and her decks presented, in the gloom, as she moved along, the picture of a mass of human heads.

As the freedom of a successful expedition was unavoidably permitted, loud jokes, and louder merriment, broke on the silent waters, from the reckless seamen, while the exhilarating can passed from hand to hand, strange oaths, and dreadful denunciations breaking forth, at times, from some of the excited crew against their enemy. At length the bustle of re-embarking gradually subsided, and many of the crew descended to the hold of the cutter, in quest of room to stretch their limbs, when a clear, manly voice, was heard rising above the deep in those strains that

a seaman most loves to hear. Air succeeded air, from different voices, until even the spirit of harmony grew dull with fatigue, and verses began to be heard where songs were expected, and fleeting lines succeeded stanzas. The decks were soon covered with prostrate men, seeking their natural rest, under the open heavens, and perhaps dreaming, as they yielded heavily to the rolling of the vessel, of the scenes of other times in their own hemisphere. The dark glances of Katherine were concealed beneath her falling lids; and even Cecilia, with her head bowed on the shoulder of her cousin, slept sweetly in innocence and peace. Boltrope groped his way into the hold among the seamen, where, kicking one of the most fortunate of the men from his berth, he established himself in his place, with all that cool indifference to the other's comfort, that had grown with his experience, from the time when he was treated thus cavalierly in his own person, to the present moment. In this manner, head was dropped after head, on the planks, the guns, or on whatever first offered for a

pillow, until Griffith and Barnstable, alone, were left pacing the different sides of the quarter-deck, in haughty silence.

Never did a morning watch appear so long to the two young sailors, who were thus deprived, by resentment and pride, of that frank and friendly communion, that had for so many years sweetened the tedious hours of their long, and at times, dreary service. To encrease the embarrassment of their situation, Cecilia and Katherine, suffering from the confinement of the small and crowded cabin, sought the purer air of the deck, about the time when the deepest sleep had settled on the senses of the wearied mariners. They stood, leaning against the taffrail, discoursing with each other, in low and broken sentences; but a sort of instinctive knowledge of the embarrassment which existed between their lovers, caused a guarded control over every look or gesture which might be construed into an encouragement for one of the young men to advance at the expense of the other. Twenty times, however, did the impatient Barnstable feel

tempted to throw off the awkward restraint, and approach his mistress; but in each instance was he checked by the secret consciousness of error, as well as by that habitual respect for superior rank that forms a part of the duty of a sea-officer. On the other hand, Griffith manifested no intention to profit by this silent concession in his favour, but continued to pace the short quarter-deck with strides more hurried than ever; and was seen to throw many an impatient glance towards that quarter of the heavens where the first signs of the lingering day might be expected to appear. At length Katherine, with a ready ingenuity, and perhaps with some secret coquetry, removed the embarrassment by speaking first, taking care to address the lover of her cousin—

"How long are we condemned to these limited lodgings, Mr. Griffith?" she asked; "truly, there is a freedom in your nautical customs, which, to say the least, is novel to us females, who have been accustomed the division of space."

"The instant that there is light to dis-

cover the frigate, Miss Plowden," he answered, "you shall be transferred from a vessel of a hundred, to one of twelve hundred tons. If your situation there be less comfortable than when within the walls of St. Ruth, you will not forget that they who live on the ocean claim it as a merit to despise the luxuries of the land."

"At least, Sir," returned Katherine, with a sweet grace, which she well knew how to assume on occasion, "what we shall enjoy will be sweetened by liberty, and embellished by a sailor's hospitality. To me, Cecily, the air of this open sea is as fresh and invigorating as if it were wafted from our own distant America."

"If you have not the arm of a patriot, you at least possess a most loyal imagination, Miss Plowden," said Griffith, laughing; "this soft breeze blows in the direction of the fens of Holland, instead of the broad plains of America. Thank God, there come the signs of day at last. Unless the currents have swept the ship far to the north, we shall surely see her with the light."

This cheering intelligence drew the eyes of the fair cousins towards the east, where their delighted looks were long fastened, while they watched the glories of the sun rising over the water. As the morning had advanced, a deeper gloom was spread across the ocean, and the stars were gleaming in the heavens, like balls of twinkling fire. But now a streak of pale light showed itself along the horizon, growing brighter, and widening at each moment, until long fleecy clouds became visible, where nothing had been seen before but the dim base of the arch that overhung the dark waters. This expanding light, which in appearance might be compared to a silvery opening in the heavens, was soon tinged with a pale flush, which quickened with sudden transitions into glows yet deeper, until a belt of broad flame bounded the water, diffusing itself more faintly towards the zenith, where it melted into the pearl-coloured sky, or played on the fantastic volumes of a few light clouds with inconstant glimmering. While these beautiful transitions were still before the eyes of the youthful

admirers of their beauties, a voice was heard above them, crying as if from the heavens,

"Sail, ho! The frigate lies broad off to seaward, Sir!"

"Ay, ay; you have been watching with one eye asleep, fellow," returned Griffith, "or we should have heard you before! Look a little north of the place where the glare of the sun is coming, Miss Plowden, and you will be able to see our gallant vessel."

An involuntary cry of pleasure burst from the lips of Katherine, as she followed his directions, and first beheld the frigate through the medium of the fluctuating colours of the morning. The undulating outline of the lazy ocean, which rose and fell heavily against the bright boundary of the heavens, was without any relief to distract the eye, as it fed eagerly on the beauties of the solitary ship. She was riding sluggishly on the long seas, with only two of her lower and smaller sails spread to hold her in command; but her tall masts and heavy yards were painted against the

fiery sky, in strong lines of deep black, while even the smallest cord in the mazes of her rigging, might be distinctly traced, stretching from spar to spar, with the beautiful accuracy of a picture. At moments, when her huge hull rose on a billow, and was lifted against the back ground of sky, its shape and dimensions were brought into view, but these transient glimpses were soon lost, as it settled into the trough, leaving the waving spars bowing gracefully towards the waters, as if about to follow the vessel into the bosom of the deep. As a clearer light gradually stole on the senses, the delusion of colours and distance vanished together, and when a flood of day preceded the immediate appearance of the sun, the ship became plainly visible, within a mile of the cutter, her black hull checkered with ports, and her high tapering masts, exhibiting their proper proportions and hues.

At the first cry of "a sail," the crew of the Alacrity had been aroused from their slumbers, by the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and long before the admiring looks

of the two cousins had ceased to dwell on the fascinating sight of morning chasing night from the hemisphere, the cutter was again in motion to join her consort. It seemed but a moment before their little vessel was in what the timid females thought, a dangerous proximity to the frigate, under whose lee she slowly passed in order to admit of the following dialogue between Griffith and his aged commander.

"I rejoice to see you, Mr. Griffith!" cried the captain, who stood in the channel of his ship, waving his hat, in the way of cordial greeting—"You are welcome back, Capt. Manual; welcome, welcome, all of you, my boys! as welcome as a breeze in the calm latitudes." As his eye, however, passed along the deck of the Alacrity it encountered the shrinking figures of Cecilia and Katherine, and a dark shade of displeasure crossed his decent features, while he added—"How's this, gentlemen! The frigate of Congress is neither a ball-room nor a church, that it is to be thronged with women!"

"Ay, ay," muttered Boltrope to his

friend the chaplain, " now the old man has hauled out his mizen, and you'll see him carry a weather helm! He wakes up about as often as the trades shift their points, and that's once in six months. But when there has been a neap-tide in his temper for any time, you're sure to find it followed by a flood with a vengeance. Let us hear what the first lieutenant can say in favour of his petticoat quality!"

The blushing sky had not exhibited a more fiery glow, than gleamed in the fine face of Griffith for a moment; but struggling with his disgust, he answered with bitter emphasis—

" 'Twas the pleasure of Mr. Gray, Sir, to bring off the prisoners."

" Of Mr. Gray!" repeated the captain, instantly losing every trace of displeasure, in an air of acquiescence. " Come-to, Sir, on the same tack with the ship, and I will hasten to order the accommodation ladder to be rigged, to receive our guests!"

Boltrope listened to this sudden alteration in the language of his commander, with sufficient wonder; nor was it until he

had shaken his head repeatedly, with the manner of one who saw deeper than his neighbours into a mystery, that he found leisure to observe—

"Now, parson, I suppose if you held an almanack in your fist, you'd think you could tell which way we shall have the wind to-morrow! but damn—me, priest, if better calculators than you havn't failed! Because a lubberly—no, he's a thorough seaman, I'll say that for the fellow!—because a pilot chooses to say, 'bring me off these here women,' the ship is to be so cluttered with she-cattle, that a man will be obligated to spend half his time in making his manners. Now mind what I tell you, priest, this very frolic will cost Congress the price of a year's wages for an able-bodied seaman, in bunting and canvas for screens; besides the wear and tear of running-gear in shortening sail, in order that the women need not be 'sterricky in squalls!"

The presence of Mr. Boltrope being required to take charge of the cutter, the divine was denied an opportunity of dis-

senting from the opinions of his rough companion; for the loveliness of their novel shipmates had not failed to plead loudly in their favour, with every man in the cutter whose habits and ideas had not become rigidly set in obstinacy.

By the time the Alacrity was hove-to with her head towards the frigate, the long line of boats that she had been towing during the latter part of the night, were brought to her side, and filled with men. A wild scene of unbridled merriment and gaiety succeeded, while the seamen were exchanging the confinement of the prize for their accustomed lodgings in the ship, during which the reins of discipline were slightly relaxed. Loud laughter was echoed from boat to boat, as they glided by each other; and rude jests, interlarded with quaint humours and strange oaths, were freely bandied from mouth to mouth. The noise, however, soon ceased, and the passage of Colonel Howard and his wards was then effected, with less precipitancy and due decorum. Capt. Munson, who had been holding a secret dialogue with

Griffith and the Pilot, received his unexpected guests with plain hospitality, but with an evident desire to be civil. He politely yielded to their service his two convenient state-rooms, and invited them to partake, in common with himself, of the comforts of the great cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

> "Furious press the hostile squadron,
> Furious he repels their rage,
> Loss of blood at length enfeebles;
> Who can war with thousands wage?"
>
> *Spanish War Song.*

We cannot detain the narrative, to detail the scenes which busy wonder, aided by the relation of divers marvellous feats, produced among the curious seamen who remained in the ship, and their more fortunate fellows, who had returned in glory from an expedition to the land. For nearly an hour the turbulence of a general movement was heard issuing from the deep recesses of the frigate, and the boisterous sounds of hoarse merriment were listened to by the officers in indulgent silence; but all these symptoms of unbridled humour ceased by the time the morning repast was ended, when the regu-

lar sea-watch was set, and the greater portion of those whose duty did not require their presence on the vessel's deck, availed themselves of the opportunity to repair the loss of sleep sustained in the preceding night. Still no preparations were made to put the ship in motion, though long and earnest consultations, which were supposed to relate to their future destiny, were observed by the younger officers, to be held between their captain, the first lieutenant, and the mysterious Pilot. The latter threw many an anxious glance along the eastern horizon, searching it minutely with his glass, and then would turn his impatient looks at the low, dense bank of fog, which stretching across the ocean like a barrier of cloud, entirely intercepted the view towards the south. To the north and along the land, the air was clear, and the sea without a spot of any kind; but in the east a small white sail had been discovered since the opening of day, which was gradually rising above the water, and assuming the appearance of a vessel of

some size. Every officer on the quarter-deck in his turn, had examined this distant sail, and had ventured an opinion on its destination and character, and even Katherine, who with her cousin was enjoying, in the open air, the novel beauties of the ocean, had been tempted to place her sparkling eyes to a glass, to gaze at the stranger.

"It is a collier," Griffith said, "who has hauled from the land in the late gale, and who is luffing up to his course again. If the wind holds here in the south, and he does not get into that fog bank, we can stand off for him and get a supply of fuel before eight bells are struck."

"I think his head is to the northward, and that he is steering off the wind," returned the Pilot, in a musing manner. "If that Dillon succeeded in getting his express far enough along the coast, the alarm has been spread, and we must be wary. The convoy of the Baltic trade is in the North Sea, and news of our presence could easily have been taken off to it by

some of the cutters that line the coast—I could wish to get the ship as far south as the Helder!"

"Then we lose this weather tide!" exclaimed the impatient Griffith; "surely we have the cutter as a look-out; besides, by beating into the fog, we shall lose the enemy, if enemy it be, and it is thought meet for an American frigate to skulk from her foes!"

The scornful expression that kindled the eye of the Pilot, like a gleam of sunshine lighting for an instant some dark dell and laying bare its secrets, was soon lost in the usually quiet look of his glance, though he hesitated like one who was struggling with his passions, before he answered—

"If prudence and the service of the States require it, even this proud frigate must retreat and hide from the meanest of her enemies. My advice, Capt. Munson, is, that you make sail, and beat the ship to windward, as Mr. Griffith has suggested, and that you order the cutter to precede us, keeping more in with the land."

The aged seaman, who evidently sus-

pended his orders, only to receive an intimation of the other's pleasure, immediately commanded his youthful assistant to issue the necessary mandates to put these measures in force. Accordingly, the Alacrity, which vessel had been left under the command of the junior lieutenant of the frigate, was quickly under way; and making short stretches to windward, she soon entered the bank of fog, and was lost to the eye. In the meantime the canvas of the ship was loosened, and spread leisurely, in order not to disturb the portion of the crew who were sleeping, and following her little consort, she moved heavily through the water, bearing up against the dull breeze.

The quiet of regular duty had succeeded to the bustle of making sail, and as the rays of the sun fell less obliquely on the distant land, Katherine and Cecilia were amusing Griffith by vain attempts to point out the rounded eminences which they fancied lay in the vicinity of the deserted mansion of St. Ruth. Barnstable, who had resumed his former station in the fri-

gate, as her second lieutenant, was pacing the opposite side of the quarter-deck, holding under his arm the speaking trumpet, which denoted that he held the temporary control of the motions of the ship, and inwardly cursing the restraint that kept him from the side of his mistress. At this moment of universal quiet, when nothing above low dialogues interrupted the dashing of the waves as they were thrown lazily aside by the bows of the vessel, the report of a light cannon burst out of the barrier of fog, and rolled by them on the breeze, apparently vibrating with the rising and sinking of the waters.

"There goes the cutter!" exclaimed Griffith, the instant the sound was heard.

"Surely," said the captain, "Somers is not so indiscreet as to scale his guns, after the caution he has received!"

"No idle scaling of guns is intended there," said the Pilot, straining his eyes to pierce the fog, but soon turning away in disappointment at his inability to succeed —"that gun is shotted, and has been fired

in the hurry of a sudden signal!—can your look-outs see nothing, Mr. Barnstable?"

The lieutenant of the watch hailed the man aloft, and demanded if any thing were visible in the direction of the wind, and received for answer, that the fog intercepted the view in that quarter of the heavens, but that the sail in the east was a ship, running large—or before the wind. The Pilot shook his head doubtingly at this information, but still he manifested a strong reluctance to relinquish the attempt of getting more to the southward. Again he communed with the commander of the frigate, apart from all other ears, and while they yet deliberated, a second report was heard, leaving no doubt but the Alacrity was firing signal guns for their particular attention.

"Perhaps," said Griffith, "he wishes to point out his position, or to ascertain ours, believing that we are lost like himself in the mist."

"We have our compasses!" returned the doubting captain; "Somers has a meaning in what he says."

"See!" cried Katherine, with girlish delight, "see, my cousin! see Barnstable! how beautifully that vapour is wreathing itself in clouds above the smoky line of fog! It stretches itself already into the very heavens like a lofty pyramid!"

Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun as he repeated her words—

"Pyramids of fog, and wreathing clouds! By heaven!" he shouted, "'tis a tall ship! Royals, skysails, and studding-sails, all abroad! She is within a mile of us, and comes down like a race horse, with a spanking breeze dead before it! Now know we why Somers is speaking in the mist!"

"Ay," cried Griffith, "and there goes the Alacrity, just breaking out of the fog, hovering in for the land!"

"There is a mighty hull under all that cloud of canvas, Captain Munson," said the observant but calm Pilot; "it is time, gentlemen, to edge away to leeward."

"What, before we know from whom we run!" cried Griffith; "my life on it

there is no single ship King George owns, but would tire of the sport before she had played a full game of bowls with—"

The haughty air of the young man was daunted by the severe look he encountered in the eye of the Pilot, and he suddenly ceased, though inwardly chafing with impatient pride.

"The same eye that detected the canvas above the fog might have seen the flag of a vice-admiral fluttering still nearer the heavens," returned the collected stranger; "and England, faulty as she may be, is yet too generous to place a flag-officer in time of war, in command of a frigate, or a captain in command of a fleet. She knows the value of those who shed their blood in her behalf, and it is thus that she is so well served! Believe me, Captain Munson, there is nothing short of a ship of the line under that symbol of rank, and that broad show of canvas!"

"We shall see, Sir, we shall see," returned the old officer, whose manner grew decided as the danger appeared to thicken;

"beat to quarters, Mr. Griffith, for we have none but enemies to expect on this coast."

The order was instantly issued, when Griffith remarked, with a more temperate zeal—

"If Mr. Gray be right, we shall have reason to thank God that we are so light of heel!"

The cry of "a strange vessel close aboard the frigate," having already flown down the hatches, the ship was in an uproar at the first tap of the drum. The seamen threw themselves from their hammocks, and lashing them rapidly into long, hard bundles, they rushed to the decks, where they were dexterously stowed in the netting, to aid the defences of the upper part of the vessel. While this tumultuous scene was exhibiting, Griffith gave a secret order to Merry, who disappeared, leading his trembling cousins to a place of safety in the inmost depths of the ship.

The guns were cleared of their lumber, and loosened. The bulk-heads were knocked down, and the cabin relieved of its furni-

ture, and the gun deck exhibited one unbroken line of formidable cannon, arranged in all the order of a naval battery ready to engage. Arm chests were thrown open, and the decks strewed with pikes, cutlasses, pistols, and all the various weapons for boarding. In short, the yards were slung, and every other preparation was made with a readiness and dexterity that were actually wonderful, though all was performed amid an appearance of disorder and confusion that rendered the ship another Babel during the continuance of the preparations. In a very few minutes every thing was completed, and even the voices of the men ceased to be heard answering to their names, as they were mustered at their stations by their respective officers. Gradually the ship became as quiet as the grave, and when even Griffith or his commander found it necessary to speak, their voices were calmer, and their tones more mild than usual. The course of the vessel was changed to an oblique line from that in which their enemy was approaching, though the appearance of flight was to be studi-

ously avoided to the last moment. When nothing further remained to be done, every eye became fixed on the enormous pile of swelling canvas that was rising, in cloud over cloud, far above the fog, and which was manifestly moving, like driving vapour, swiftly to the north. Presently the dull, smoky boundary of the mist which rested on the water, was pushed aside in vast volumes, and the long taper spars that projected from the bowsprit of the strange ship, issued from the obscurity, and were quickly followed by the whole of the enormous fabric, to which they were merely light appendages. For a moment, streaks of reluctant vapour clung to the huge, floating pile, but they were soon shaken off by the rapid vessel, and the whole of her black hull became distinct to the eye.

"One, two, three rows of teeth!" said Boltrope, deliberately counting the tiers of guns that bristled along the sides of the enemy; "a three decker! Jack Manly would shew his stern to such a fellow! and even the bloody Scotchman would run!"

"Hard up with your helm, quarter-master!" cried Capt. Munson; "there is indeed no time to hesitate, with such an enemy within a quarter of a mile! Turn the hands up Mr. Griffith, and pack on the ship from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms. Be stirring, sir, be stirring! Hard up with your helm! Hard up, and be d—d to you!"

The unusual earnestness of the aged commander acted on the startled crew like a voice from the deep, and they waited not for the usual signals of the boatswain and drummer to be given, before they broke away from their guns, and rushed tumultuously to aid in spreading the desired canvas. There was one minute of ominous confusion, that, to an inexperienced eye, would have forboded the destruction of all order in the vessel, during which every hand and each tongue seemed in motion; but it ended with opening the immense folds of light duck which were displayed along the whole line of the masts, far beyond the ordinary sails, over-

shadowing the waters for a great distance, on either side of the vessel. During the moment of inaction that succeeded this sudden exertion, the breeze which had brought up the three decker, fell fresher on the sails of the frigate, and she started away from her dangerous enemy with a very perceptible advantage in point of sailing.

"The fog rises!" cried Griffith; "give us but the wind for an hour, and we shall run her out of gun-shot!"

"These ninetys are very fast off the wind," returned the captain, in a low tone, that was intended only for the ear of his first lieutenant and the Pilot, "and we shall have a struggle for it."

The quick eye of the stranger was glancing over the movements of his enemy, while he answered—

"He finds we have the heels of him already! he is making ready, and we shall be fortunate to escape a broadside! Let her yaw a little, Mr. Griffith; touch her lightly with the helm; if we are raked, Sir, we are lost!"

The captain sprang on the taffrail of his ship, with the activity of a younger man; and in an instant he perceived the truth of the other's conjecture.

Both vessels now ran for a few minutes, keenly watching each other's motions like two skilful combatants; the English ship making slight deviations from the line of her course, and then, as her movements were anticipated by the other, turning as cautiously in the opposite direction, until a sudden and wide sweep of her huge bows, told the Americans plainly on which tack to expect her. Capt. Munson made a silent, but impressive gesture with his arm, as if the crisis were too important for speech, which indicated to the watchful Griffith, the way he wished the frigate sheered, to avoid the weight of the impending danger. Both vessels whirled swiftly up to the wind, with their heads towards the land, and as the huge black side of the three-decker, checkered with its triple batteries, frowned full upon her foe, it belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a bellowing

roar, that mocked the surly moanings of the sleeping ocean. The nerves of the bravest man in the frigate contracted their fibres, as the hurricane of iron hurled by them, and each eye appeared to gaze in stupid wonder, as if tracing the flight of the swift engines of destruction. But the voice of Capt. Munson was heard in the din, shouting, while he waved his hat earnestly in the required direction—

"Meet her! meet her with the helm, boy! meet her, Mr. Griffith, meet her!"

Griffith had so far anticipated this movement, as to have already ordered the head of the frigate to be turned in its former course, when struck by the unearthly cry of the last tones uttered by his commander, he bent his head and beheld the venerable seaman driven through the air, his hat still waving, his gray hair floating in the wind, and his eye set in the wild look of death.

"Great God!" exclaimed the young man, rushing to the side of the ship, where he was just in time to see the lifeless body

disappear in the waters that were dyed in its blood; "he has been struck by a shot! Lower-away the boat, lower-away the jolly-boat, the barge, the tiger, the—"

"'Tis useless," interrupted the calm, deep voice of the Pilot; "he has met a warrior's end, and he sleeps in a sailor's grave! The ship is getting before the wind again, and the enemy is keeping his vessel away."

The youthful lieutenant was recalled by these words to his duty, and reluctantly turned his eyes away from the bloody spot on the dark waters, which the busy frigate had already passed, to resume the command of the vessel with a forced composure.

"He has cut some of our running gear," said the master, whose eye had never ceased to dwell on the spars and rigging of the ship, "and there's a splinter out of the main-top-mast, that is big enough for a fid! He's let day light through some of our canvas too, but taking it by-and-large, the squall has gone over, and little

harm done. Didn't I hear something said of Captain Munson getting jamm'd by a shot?"

"He is killed!" said Griffith, speaking in a voice that was yet husky with horror; "he is dead, Sir, and carried overboard; there is more need that we forget not ourselves in this crisis."

"Dead!" said Boltrope, suspending the operation of his active jaws for a moment, in surprise; "and buried in a wet jacket! well, it is lucky 'tis no worse, for, damme if I did not think every stick in the ship would have been cut out of her!"

With this consolatory remark on his lips, the master walked slowly forward, continuing his orders to repair the damages, with a singleness of purpose that rendered him, however uncouth as a friend, an invaluable man in his station.

Griffith had not yet brought his mind to the calmness that was so essential to discharge the duties which had thus suddenly and awfully devolved on him, when his elbow was lightly touched by the Pilot, who had drawn closer to his side.

"The enemy appear satisfied with the experiment," said the stranger; "and as we work the quicker of the two, he loses too much ground to repeat it, if he be a true seaman."

"And yet, as he finds we leave him so fast," returned Griffith, "he must see that all his hopes rest in cutting us up aloft. I dread that he will come by the wind again, and lay us under his broadside; we should need a quarter of an hour to run without his range, if he were anchored!"

"He plays a surer game; see you not that the vessel we made in the eastern board shows the hull of a frigate? 'Tis past a doubt that they are of one squadron, and that the expresses have sent them in our wake. The English admiral has spread a broad clue, Mr. Griffith, and as he gathers in his ships, he sees that his game has been successful."

The faculties of Griffith had been too much occupied with the hurry of the chase to look at the ocean; but startled at the information of the Pilot, who spoke coolly, though like a man sensible of the existence

of approaching danger, he took the glass from the other, and with his own eye examined the different vessels in sight. It is certain that the experienced officer, whose flag was flying above the light sails of the three-decker, saw the critical situation of his chase, and reasoned much in the same manner as the Pilot, or the fearful expedient apprehended by Griffith would have been adopted. Prudence, however, dictated that he should prevent his enemy from escaping, by pressing so closely on his rear as to render it impossible for the American to haul across his bows, and run into the open sea between his own vessel and the nearest frigate of his squadron. The unpractised reader will be able to comprehend the case better by accompanying the understanding eye of Griffith as it glanced from point to point, following the whole horizon. To the west lay the land, along which the Alacrity was urging her way industriously, with the double purpose of keeping her consort abeam, and of avoiding a dangerous proximity to their powerful enemy. To the east, bearing off the

starboard bow of the American frigate, was the vessel first seen, and which now began to exhibit the hostile appearance of a vessel of war, steering in a line converging towards themselves, and rapidly drawing nigher; while far in the north-east was a vessel, as yet faintly discerned, whose evolutions could not be mistaken by one who understood the movements of nautical warfare.

"We are hemmed in, effectually," said Griffith, dropping the glass from his eye; "and I know not but our wisest course would be to haul in to the land, and cutting every thing light adrift, endeavour to pass the broadside of the flag-ship?"

"Provided she left a rag of canvas to do it with!" returned the Pilot. "Sir, 'tis an idle hope! She would strip your ship, in ten minutes, to her plank shears. Had it not been for a lucky wave on which so many of her shot struck and glanced upward, we should have had nothing to boast of left from the fire she has already given us; we must stand on, and drop the three decker as far as possible."

"But the frigates!" said Griffith, "what are we to do with the frigates?"

"Fight them!" returned the Pilot, in a low, determined voice, "fight them! Young man, I have borne the stars and stripes aloft in greater straits than this, and even with honour! Think not that my fortune will desert me now!"

"We shall have an hour of desperate battle!"

"On that we may calculate; but I have lived through whole days of bloodshed! you seem not one to quail at the sight of an enemy."

"Let me proclaim your name to the men!" said Griffith; "'twill quicken their blood, and at such a moment, be a host in itself."

"They want it not," returned the Pilot, checking the hasty zeal of the other with his hand. "I would be unnoticed, unless I am known as becomes me. I will share your danger, but would not rob you of a tittle of your glory. Should we come to a grapple," he continued, while a smile of

conscious pride gleamed across his face, " I will give forth the word as a war-cry, and, believe me, these English will quail before it!"

Griffith submitted to the stranger's will, and after they had deliberated further on the nature of their evolutions, he gave his attention again to the management of the vessel. The first object which met his eye, on turning from the Pilot, was Colonel Howard, pacing the quarter-deck, with a determined brow, and a haughty mien, as if already in the enjoyment of that triumph which now seemed certain.

" I fear, Sir," said the young man, approaching him with respect, " that you will soon find the deck unpleasant and dangerous: your wards are—"

" Mention not the unworthy term !" interrupted the Colonel. " What greater pleasure can there be than to inhale the odour of loyalty that is wafted from yonder floating tower of the king !—And danger !—you know but little of old George Howard, young man, if you think he would

for thousands miss seeing that symbol of rebellion levelled before the flag of his Majesty."

"If that be your wish, Colonel Howard," returned Griffith, biting his lip as he looked around at the wondering seamen who were listeners, "you will wait in vain—but I pledge you my word, that when that time arrives, you shall be advised, and that your own hands shall do the ignoble deed."

"Edward Griffith, why not this moment? This is your moment of probation—submit to the clemency of the crown, and yield your crew to the royal mercy! In such a case I would remember the child of my brother Harry's friend: and believe me, my name is known to the ministry. And you, misguided and ignorant abettors of rebellion! cast aside your useless weapons, or prepare to meet the vengeance of yonder powerful and victorious servant of your prince."*

"Fall back! back with ye, fellows!" cried Griffith, fiercely, to the men who were gathering around the Colonel, with

looks of sullen vengeance. "If a man of you dare approach him, he shall be cast into the sea."

The sailors retreated at the order of their commander; but the elated veteran had continued to pace the deck for many minutes before stronger interests diverted the angry glances of the seamen to other objects.

Notwithstanding the ship of the line was slowly sinking beneath the distant waves, and in less than an hour from the time she had fired the broadside, no more than one of her three tiers of guns was visible from the deck of the frigate, she yet presented an irresistible obstacle against a retreat to the south. On the other hand the ship first seen, drew so nigh as to render the glass no longer necessary in watching her movements. She proved to be a frigate, though one so materially lighter than the American, as to have rendered her conquest easy, had not her two consorts continued to press on for the scene of battle with such rapidity. During the chase the scene had shifted from the point opposite

to St. Ruth, to the verge of those shoals where our tale commenced. As they approached the latter, the smallest of the English ships drew so nigh as to render the combat unavoidable. Griffith and his crew had not been idle in the intermediate time, but all the usual preparations against the casualties of a sea fight had been duly made, when the drum once more called the men to their quarters, and the ship was deliberately stripped of her unnecessary sails, like a prize fighter about to enter the arena, casting aside the incumbrances of dress; at the instant she gave this intimation of her intention to abandon flight, and trust the issue to a combat, the nearest English frigate also took in her light canvas in token of her acceptance of the challenge.

"He is but a little fellow," said Griffith, to the Pilot, who hovered at his elbow with a sort of fatherly interest in the other's conduct of the battle, "though he carries a stout heart."

"We must crush him at a blow," returned the stranger; "not a shot must be delivered until our yards are locking."

I see him training his twelves upon us already; we may soon expect his fire."

"After standing the brunt of a ninety-gun-ship," observed the collected Pilot, "we shall not shrink from the broadside of a two-and-thirty!"

"Stand to your guns, men!" cried Griffith, through his trumpet—"not a shot is to be fired without the order."

This caution, so necessary to check the ardour of the seamen, was hardly uttered, before their enemy became wrapped in sheets of fire and volumes of smoke, as gun after gun hurled its iron missiles at their vessel in quick succession. Ten minutes might have passed, the two vessels sheering closer to each other every foot they advanced, during which time the crew of the American were compelled, by their commander, to suffer the fire of their adversary, without returning a shot. This short period, which seemed an age to the seamen, was distinguished in their vessel by deep silence. Even the wounded and dying, who fell in every part of the ship, stifled their groans, under the influence of the severe

discipline, which gave a character to every man and each movement of the vessel; and those officers who were required to speak, were heard only in the lowest tones of resolute preparation. At length the ship slowly entered the skirts of the smoke that enveloped their enemy, and Griffith heard the man who stood at his side whisper the word "now."

"Let them have it!" cried Griffith, in a voice that was heard in the remotest parts of the ship.

The shout that burst from the seamen, appeared to lift the decks of the vessel, and the affrighted frigate trembled like an aspen, with the recoil of her own massive artillery, that shot forth a single sheet of flame, the sailors having disregarded, in their impatience, the usual order of firing. The effect of the broadside on the enemy was still more, for a death-like silence succeeded to the dreadful roar of the guns, which was only broken by the shrieks and execrations that burst from her, like the moanings of the damned. During the few moments in which the Americans were

again loading their cannon, and the English were recovering from their confusion, the vessel of the former moved slowly past her antagonist, and was already doubling across her bows, when the latter was suddenly, and, considering the inequality of their forces, it may be added desperately headed into her enemy. The two frigates grappled. The sudden and furious charge made by the Englishman, as he threw his masses of daring seamen along his bowsprit, and out of his channels, had nearly taken Griffith by surprise; but Manual, who had delivered his first fire with the broadside, now did good service, by ordering his men to beat back the intruders, by a steady and continued discharge. Even the wary Pilot lost sight of their other foes, in the high daring of that moment, and smiles of stern pleasure were exchanged between him and Griffith, as both comprehended at a glance their advantage.

"Lash his bowsprit to our mizen-mast," shouted the lieutenant, "and we will sweep his decks as he lies!"

Twenty men sprang eagerly forward to

execute the order, among the foremost of whom were Boltrope and the stranger.

"Ay, now he's our own!" cried the busy master, "and we will take an owner's liberties with him, and break him up—for by the eternal—"

"Peace, rude man," said the Pilot in a voice of solemn remonstrance; "at the next instant you may face your God, mock not his awful name!"

The master found time, before he threw himself from the spar, to the deck of the frigate again, to cast a look of amazement at his companion, who, with a steady mien, but with an eye that lighted with a warrior's ardour, viewed the battle that raged around him, like one who marked its progress, to control the result.

The sight of the Englishmen, rushing onward with shouts, and bitter menaces, warmed the blood of Col. Howard, who pressed to the side of the frigate, and encouraged his friends, by his gestures and voice, to come on.

"Away with ye, old croaker!" cried the

master, seizing him by the collar, "away with ye to the hold, or I'll order you fired from a gun."

"Down with your arms, rebellious dog!" shouted the Colonel, carried beyond himself by the ardour of the fray; "down to the dust, and implore the mercy of your injured prince!"

Invigorated by a momentary glow, the veteran grappled with his brawny antagonist, but the issue of the short struggle was yet suspended, when the English, driven back by the fire of the marines, and the menacing front that Griffith, with his boarders presented, retreated to the forecastle of their own ship, and attempted to return the deadly blows they were receiving in their hull, from the cannon that Barnstable directed. A solitary gun was all they could bring to bear on the Americans, but this, loaded with cannister, was fired so near as to send its glaring flame into the very faces of their enemies. The yielding Colonel, who was already sinking beneath the arm of his foe, felt the rough

grasp loosen from his throat, and the two combatants sunk powerless on their knees, facing each other.

"How now, brother!" exclaimed Boltrope, with a smile of grim fierceness; "some of that grist has gone to your mill, ha!"

No answer could, however, be given, before the yielding forms of both fell to the deck, where they lay helpless, amid the din of the battle and the wild confusion of the eager combatants.

Notwithstanding the furious struggle they witnessed, the elements did not cease their functions; and urged by the breeze, and lifted irresistibly on a wave, the American ship was forced through the water still further across the bows of her enemy. The idle fastenings of hemp and iron, were snapped asunder, like strings of tow, and Griffith saw his own ship borne away from the Englishman at the instant that the bowsprit of the latter was torn from its lashings, and tumbled into the sea, followed by spar after spar, until nothing of all her proud tackling was remaining,

but the few parted and useless ropes that were left dangling along the stumps of her lower masts. As his own stately vessel moved from the confusion she had caused, and left the dense cloud of smoke in which her helpless antagonist lay, the eye of the young man glanced anxiously towards the horizon, where he now remembered he had more foes to contend against.

"We have shaken off the thirty-two most happily!" he said to the Pilot, who followed his motions, with singular interest; "but here is another fellow sheering in for us, who shows as many ports as ourselves, and who appears inclined for a closer interview; besides the hull of the Ninety is rising again, and I fear she will be down but too soon!"

"We must keep the use of our braces and sails," returned the Pilot, "and on no account close with the other frigate—we must play a double game, sir, and fight this new adversary with our heels as well as with our guns."

"'Tis time then that we were busy, for is shortening sail, and as he nears so fast

we may expect to hear from him every minute; what do you propose, sir?"

"Let him gather in his canvas," returned the Pilot, "and when he thinks himself snug, we can throw out a hundred men at once upon our yards and spread every thing alow and aloft; we may then draw ahead of him by surprise; if we can once get him in our wake I have no fears of dropping them all."

"A stern chase is a long chase!" cried Griffith, "and the thing may do!—clear up the decks, here, and carry down the wounded; and as we have our hands full, the poor fellows who have done with us, must go overboard at once."

This melancholy duty was instantly attended to, while the young seaman who commanded the frigate returned to his duty, with the absorbed air of one who felt all its responsibility. His occupations, however, did not prevent his hearing the sounds of Barnstable's voice, calling eagerly to young Merry. Bending his head towards the sound, Griffith beheld his friend, looking anxiously up the main hatch, with a face

grimed with smoke, his coat off, and his shirt bespattered with human blood—"Tell me, boy," he said, "is Mr. Griffith untouched? They say that a shot came in upon the quarter-deck that tripped up the heels of half-a-dozen."

Before Merry could answer, the eyes of Barnstable, which even while he spoke were scanning the state of the vessel's rigging, encountered the kind looks of Griffith, and from that moment perfect harmony was restored between the friends.

"Ah! you are there Griff, and with a whole skin, I see," cried Barnstable, smiling with pleasure;" "they have passed poor Boltrope down into one of his own store-rooms! If that fellow's bowsprit had held on ten minutes longer, what a mark I should have made on his face and eyes!"

"'Tis perhaps best as it is," returned Griffith; "but what have you done with those whom we are bound to protect?"

Barnstable made a significant gesture towards the depths of the vessel as he answered,—

"On the cables; safe as wood, iron, and water can keep them—though Katherine, has had her head up three times to—"

A summons from the Pilot drew Griffith away, and the young officers were compelled to forget their individual feelings, in the pressing duties of their stations.

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose, was a vessel of near her own size and equipage, and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant the Pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen her distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread every thing," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted in a voice that was carried even to his enemy—"Let fall—

out with your booms—sheet home, and hoist away every thing!"

The inspiriting cry was answered by a universal bustle; fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest, as the shot whistled above his head, but when he perçeived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure. A few men were however seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in cold indifference. At the next instant the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again

placed the trumpet to his mouth, and called aloud:

"Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape—unreeve their rigging!"

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words were uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe, for notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction, with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage in favour of either. Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed with deep concern this unexpected defeat of their hopes, for they could not conceal from themselves, that each moment lessened

their velocity through the water, as the shot of their enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

"We find our equal here!" said Griffith to the stranger. "The ninety is heaving up again, like a mountain, and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be upon us!"

"You say true, sir," returned the Pilot, musing; "the man shows judgment as well as spirit; but—"

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit, and the importance of his intelligence—

"The breakers!" he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; "we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead!"

"The Pilot, jumped on a gun, and bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roarings of the cannon—"Port, port your

helm! we are on the Devil's Grip! pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow; give it them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs!"

Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and their rigging to regard the new danger, and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddedly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was steering boldly in the centre of the narrow passages. For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an un-

interrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed—

"What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation!—keep yonder hill crowned with wood, one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east and by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing, you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their tail."

The moment he stepped from the gun, the Pilot lost the air of authority that had so singularly distinguished his animated person, and even the close interest he had manifested in the incidents of the day, became lost in the cold, settled reserve he had affected during his intercourse with his present associates. Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The Ninety was

still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the Two-and-thirty, which lay, a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas, that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and every thing above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual, able to keep the deck, was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages of the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight, and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land,

Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe. At this period he was summoned to the cabin, at the request of the ship's chaplain. Delivering the charge of the frigate to Barnstable, who had been his active assistant, no less in their subsequent labours than in the combat, he hastily divested himself of the vestiges of the fight, and proceeded to obey the repeated and earnest call.

CHAPTER XII.

> Whither, 'midst falling dew,
> While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?
>
> *Bryant.*

When the young seaman, who now commanded the frigate, descended from the quarter deck in compliance with the summons he had received, he found the vessel restored to the same neatness as if nothing had occurred to disturb its order. The gun-deck had been cleansed of its horrid stains, and the smoke of the fight had long since ascended through the hatches, and mingled with the clouds that flitted above the ship. As he walked along the silent batteries, even the urgency of his visit could not prevent him from glancing his eyes towards the splintered sides, those terrible vestiges, by which the paths of the shot of the enemy might be traced; and by the time he

tapped lightly at the door of the cabin, his quick look had embraced every material injury the vessel had sustained in her principal points of defence. The door was opened by the surgeon of the frigate, who, as he stepped aside to permit Griffith to enter, shook his head with that air of meaning, which in one of his profession, is understood to imply the abandonment of all hopes, and then immediately quitted the apartment, in order to attend to those who might profit by his services.

The reader is not to imagine that Griffith had lost sight of Cecilia and her cousin during the occurrences of that eventful day; on the contrary, his busy fancy had presented her terror and distress, even in the hottest moments of the fight, and the instant that the crew were called from their guns he had issued an order to replace the bulk-heads of the cabin, and to arrange its furniture for their accommodation, though the higher and imperious duties of his station had precluded his attending to their comfort in person. He expected, therefore, to find the order of the

rooms restored, but he was by no means prepared for the scene he was now to witness within them.

Between two of the sullen cannon, which gave such an air of singular wildness to the real comfort of the cabin, was placed a large couch, on which the Colonel was lying, evidently near his end. Cecilia was weeping by his side, her dark ringlets falling in unheeded confusion around her pale features, and sweeping in their rich exuberance the deck on which she kneeled. Katherine leaned tenderly over the form of the dying veteran, while her dark tearful eyes seemed to express self-accusation blended with deep commiseration. A few attendants of both sexes surrounded the solemn scene, all of whom appeared to be under the influence of the hopeless intelligence which the medical officer had but that moment communicated. The servants of the ship had replaced the furniture with a care that mocked the dreadful struggle that so recently disfigured thewarlike cabin; and the stout square frame of Boltrope occupied the opposite settee, his head

resting on the lap of the Captain's Steward, and his hand gently held in the grasp of his friend the Chaplain. Griffith had heard of the wound of the master, but his own eyes now conveyed the first intelligence he received of the situation of Colonel Howard. When the first shock of this sudden discovery had a little subsided, the young man approached the couch of the latter, and attempted to express his regret and pity, in a voice that afforded an assurance of his sincerity.

"Say no more, Edward Griffith," interrupted the Colonel, waving his hand feebly for silence, "it seemeth to be the will of God that this rebellion should triumph, and it is not for vain man to impeach the acts of Omnipotence! To my erring faculties, it wears an appearance of mystery, but doubtless it is to answer the purpose of his own inscrutable providence! I have sent for you, Edward, on a business that I would fain see accomplished before I die, that it may not be said old George Howard neglected his duty, even in his last moments. You see this weep-

ing child at my side; tell me, young man, do you love the maiden?"

"Am I to be asked such a question?" exclaimed Griffith.

"And will you cherish her—will you supply to her the places of father and mother, will you become the fond guardian of her innocence and weakness."

Griffith could give no other answer than a fervent pressure of the hand he had clasped.

"I believe you," continued the dying man; "for however he may have forgotten to inculcate his own loyalty, worthy Hugh Griffith could never neglect to make his son a man of honour. I had weak, and perhaps evil wishes in behalf of my late unfortunate kinsman, Mr. Christopher Dillon; but they have told me that he was false to his faith; after that, I would refuse him the hand of the girl, though he claimed the fealty of the British realms. But he has passed away, and I am about to follow him into a world where we shall find but one Lord to serve; and it would have been better for us both had we more remembered

our duty to Him, while serving the Princes of the earth. One thing further—know you this officer of your Congress well?—this Mr. Barnstable?"

"I have sailed with him for years," returned Griffith, "and can answer for him as for myself."

The veteran made an effort to rise, which in part succeeded, and he fastened on the youth a look of keen scrutiny, that gave to his pallid features an expression of solemn meaning, as he continued—

"Speak not now, Sir, as the companion of his idle pleasures, and as the unthinking associate commends his fellow, but remember that your opinion is given to a dying man, who leans on your judgment for advice. The daughter of John Plowden is a trust not to be neglected, nor will my death prove easy, if a doubt of her being worthily bestowed shall remain."

"He is a gentleman," returned Griffith, "and one whose heart is not less kind than gallant; he loves your ward, and great as may be her merit, he is deserving of it all. Like myself, he has also loved the land

that gave him birth, before the land of his ancestors; but—"

"That is now forgotten," interrupted the Colonel; "after what I have this day witnessed, I am forced to believe that it is the pleasure of Heaven that you are to prevail. But, Sir, a disobedient inferior will be apt to make an unreasonable commander; after what I so lately witnessed—"

"Remember it not, dear Sir," exclaimed Griffith, with generous zeal; "'twas unkindly provoked, and it is already forgotten and pardoned. He has sustained me nobly throughout the day; and my life on it, that he knows how to treat a woman as a brave man should."

"Then am I content," said the veteran, sinking back on his couch; "let him be summoned."

The whispered order, which Griffith gave to request Mr. Barnstable to enter the cabin, was quickly executed, and he had appeared before his friend deemed it discreet to disturb the reflections of the veteran by again addressing him. When the

entrance of the young sailor was announced, the Colonel again roused himself, and addressed his wondering listener, though in a manner much less confiding and familiar than that which he had used towards Griffith.

"The declarations you made last night, relative to my ward, the daughter of the late Captain John Plowden, Sir, have left me nothing to learn on the subject of your wishes. Here then, gentlemen, you both obtain the reward of your attentions. Let that reverend divine hear you pronounce the marriage vows, while I have strength to listen, that I may be a witness against ye in heaven, should ye forget their tenor!"

"Not now, not now," murmured Cecilia; "Oh! ask it not now, my uncle."

Katherine spoke not, but deeply touched by the tender interest her guardian manifested in her welfare, she bowed her face to her bosom in subdued feeling, and suffered the tears that had been suffusing her eyes to roll down her cheeks in large drops, till they bathed the deck.

"Yes, now, my love," continued the

Colonel, " or I fail in my duty. I go shortly to stand face to face with your parents, my children; for the man, who dying, expects not to meet worthy Hugh Griffith and honest Jack Plowden in heaven, can have no clear view of the rewards that belong to lives of faithful service to the country, or of gallant loyalty to the King! I trust no one can justly say, that I ever forgot the delicacy due to your gentle sex, but it is no moment for idle ceremony when time is shortening into minutes, and heavy duties remain to be discharged. I could not die in peace, children, were I to leave you here in the wide ocean, I had almost said in the wide world, without that protection which becomes your tender years and still more tender characters. If it has pleased God to remove your guardian, let his place be supplied by those he wills to succeed him!"

Cecilia no longer hesitated, but she arose slowly from her knees, and offered her hand to Griffith with an air of forced resignation. Katherine submitted to be led

by Barnstable to her side, and the chaplain who had been an affected listener to the dialogue, in obedience to an expressive signal from the eye of Griffith, opened the prayer book from which he had been gleaning consolation for the dying master, and commenced reading in trembling tones the marriage service. The vows were pronounced by the weeping brides in voices more distinct and audible than if they had been uttered amid the gay crouds that usually throng a bridal; for though they were the irreclaimable words that bound them for ever to the men, whose power over their feelings they thus proclaimed to the world, the reserve of maiden diffidence was lost in one engrossing emotion of solemnity, created by the awful presence in which they stood. When the benediction was pronounced. the head of Cecilia dropped on the shoulder of her husband, where she wept violently, for a moment, and then resuming her place at the couch, she once more knelt at the side of her uncle. Katherine received the cold kiss of Barnstable, pas-

sively, and returned slowly to the spot whence she had been led.

Colonel Howard, succeeded in raising his person, to witness the ceremony, and had answered to each prayer with a fervent 'amen;' he fell back with the last words, and a look of satisfaction shone in his aged and pallid features, that declared the interest he had taken in the scene.

"I thank you, my children," he at length uttered, "I thank you, for I know how much you have sacrificed to my wishes. You will find all my papers relative to the estates of my wards, gentlemen, in the hands of my banker in London, and you will also find there my will, Edward, by which you will learn that Cecily has not come to your arms an unportioned bride. What my wards are in persons and manners your eyes can witness; and I trust the vouchers in London will show that I have not been an unfaithful steward to their pecuniary affairs!"

"Name it not—say no more, or you will break my heart," cried Katherine,

sobbing aloud, in the violence of her remorse at having ever pained so true a friend; "Oh! talk of yourself, think of yourself; we are unworthy—at least I am unworthy of another thought!"

The dying man extended a hand to her in kindness, and continued, though his voice grew feebler as he spoke—

"To return then to myself; I would wish to lie, like my ancestors, in the bosom of the earth—and in consecrated ground."

"It shall be done," whispered Griffith, "I will see it done myself."

"I thank thee, my son," said the veteran; "for such thou art to me in being the husband of Cecily—you will find in my will, that I have liberated and provided for all my slaves—except those ungrateful scoundrels who deserted their master—they have seized their own freedom—and they need not be indebted to me for the same. There is also, Edward, an unworthy legacy to the King, if His Majesty will deign to receive it from an old and faithful servant—and you will not miss the trifling gift." A

long pause followed, as if he had been summing up the account of his earthly duties and found them duly balanced, when he added, "kiss me Cecily—and you Katherine. I find you have the genuine feelings of honest Jack, your father.—My eyes grow dim—which is the hand of Griffith? Young gentleman, I have given you all that a fond old man had to bestow—deal tenderly with the precious child—we have not properly understood each other; I had mistaken both you and Mr. Christopher Dillon, I believe; perhaps I may have also mistaken my duty to America; but I was too old to change my politics or my religion—I—I—I lov'd the King—God bless him—"

His words became fainter and fainter as he proceeded, and the breath deserted his body, with this benediction on his livid lips, which the proudest monarch might covet from so honest a man.

The body was instantly borne into a state-room by the attendants, when Griffith and Barnstable supported their brides into the after-cabin, where they left them

seated on the sofa that lined the stern of the ship, weeping bitterly, in each other's arms.

No part of the preceding scene had been unobserved by Boltrope, whose small hard eyes, were observed by the young men to twinkle, when they returned into the state apartment, and they approached their wounded comrade to apologize for the seeming neglect that their conduct had displayed.

"I heard you were hurt, Boltrope," said Griffith, taking him kindly by the hand; "but as I know you are not unused to being marked by shot, I trust we shall soon see you again on deck."

"Ay, ay," returned the master, "you'll want no spy-glasses to see the old hulk, as you launch it into the sea. I have had shot, as you say, before now to tear my running gear, and even to knock a splinter out of some of my timbers, but this fellow has found his way into my bread-room; and the cruise of life is up."

"Surely the case is not so bad, honest David," said Barnstable; "you have kept

afloat, to my knowledge, with a bigger hole in your skin than this unlucky hit has made!"

"Ay, ay," returned the master; "but that was in my upper-works, where the doctor could get at it with a plug; but this chap has knocked away the shifting-boards, and I feel as if the whole cargo was broken up.—You may say, that Tourniquet rates me all the same as a dead man, for after looking at the shot-hole, he has turned me over to the parson here, like a piece of old junk, which is only fit to be worked up into something new! Captain Munson had a lucky time of it! I think you said, Mr. Griffith, that the old gentleman was launched overboard with every thing standing, and that Death made but one rap at his door, before he took his leave!"

"His end was sudden, indeed!" returned Griffith, "but it is what we seamen must expect."

"And for which there is so much the more occasion to be prepared," the chaplain

ventured to add, and in a low, humble, and, perhaps, timid voice.

The sailing-master looked keenly from one to the other as they spoke, and, after a short pause, he continued with an air of great submission—

"'Twas his luck; and I suppose it is sinful to begrudge a man his lawful luck. As for being prepared, parson, that is your business and not mine; therefore, as there is but little time to spare, why, the sooner you set about it the better; and to save unnecessary trouble, I may as well tell you, not to strive to make too much of me, for I must own it, to my shame, I never took learning kindly. If you can fit me for some middling berth in the other world like the one I hold in this ship, it will suit me as well, and, perhaps, be easier to all hands of us."

If there was a shade of displeasure, blended with the surprise, that crossed the features of the divine at this extraordinary limitation of his duties, it entirely disappeared when he considered, more closely, the

perfect expression of simplicity with which the dying master uttered his wishes. After a long and melancholy pause, which neither Griffith nor his friend felt any inclination to interrupt, the chaplain replied—

"It is not the province of man to determine on the decrees of the merciful dispensations of the Deity, and nothing that I can do, Mr. Boltrope, will have any weight in making up the mighty and irrevocable decree. What I said to you last night, in our conversation on this very subject, must still be fresh in your memory, and there is no good reason why I should hold a different language to you now."

"I can't say that I logg'd all that pass'd," returned the master, "and that which I do recollect chiefly fell from myself, for the plain reason that a man remembers his own better than his neighbour's ideas. And this puts me in mind, Mr. Griffith, to tell you, that one of the forty-two's from the three-decker, travelled across the forecastle and cut the best bower within a fathom of the clinch, as handily as an old woman

would clip her rotten yarn with a pair of shears!—If you will be so good as to order one of my mates to shift the cable end for end, and make a new bend of it, I'll do as much for you another time."

"Mention it not," said Griffith; "rest assured that every thing shall be done for the security of the ship in your department —I will superintend the whole duty in person; and I would have you release your mind from all anxiety on the subject, to attend to your more important interests elsewhere."

"Why," returned Boltrope, with a little show of pertinacity, "I have an opinion, that the cleaner a man takes his hands into the other world of the matters of duty in this, the better he will be fitted to handle any thing new.—Now the parson here, undertook to lay down the doctrine last night, that it was no matter how well or how ill a man behaved himself, so that he squared his conscience by the lifts and braces of faith, which I take to be a doctrine that is not to be preach'd on shipboard, for it would play the devil with the

best ship's company that was ever mustered."

"Oh! no—no—dear Mr. Boltrope, you mistook me and my doctrine altogether!" exclaimed the chaplain; "at least you mistook—"

"Perhaps, Sir," interrupted Griffith, gently, "our honest friend will not be more fortunate now. Is there nothing earthly that hangs upon your mind, Boltrope? no wish to be remembered to any one, or any bequest to make of your property?"

"He has a mother, I know," said Barnstable in a low voice; "he often spoke of her to me in the night watches; I think she must still be living."

The master, who distinctly heard his young shipmates, continued for more than a minute rolling the tobacco, which he still retained, from one side of his mouth to the other, with an industry that denoted singular agitation in the man, and raising one of his broad hands with the other he picked the worn skin from his fingers, which were already losing their brownish yellow hue

in the fading colour of death, before he answered—

"Why, yes, the old woman still keeps her grip upon life, which is more than can be said of her son David. The old man was lost the time the Susan and Dorothy was wrecked on the back of Cape Cod; you remember it, Mr. Barnstable? you were then a lad, sailing on whaling voyages from the island! well, ever since that gale, I've endeavoured to make smooth water for the old woman myself, though she has had but a rough passage of it, at the best; the voyage of life, with her, having been pretty much crossed by rugged weather and short stores."

"And you would have us carry some message to her?" said Griffith, kindly.

"Why, as to messages," continued the master, whose voice was rapidly growing more husky and broken, "there never has been many compliments passed between us, for the reason, that she is not more used to receive them than I am to make them. But if any one of you will overhaul the

purser's books, and see what there is standing there to my side of the leaf, and take a little pains to get it to the old woman, you will find her moor'd in the lee side of a house—ay, here it is, No. 10, Cornhill, Boston. I took care to get her a good warm berth, seeing that a woman of eighty wants a snug anchorage at her time of life, if ever."

"I will do it myself, David," cried Barnstable, struggling to conceal his emotion; "I will call on her the instant we let go our anchor in Boston harbour, and as your credit can't be large, I will divide my own purse with her!"

The sailing-master was powerfully affected by this kind offer, the muscles of his hard weather-beaten face working convulsively, and it was a moment before he could trust his voice in reply.

"I know you would, Dickey, I know you would," he at length uttered, grasping the hand of Barnstable with a portion of his former strength, "I know you would give the old woman one of your own limbs, if it would do a service to the mother of a

messmate, which it would not, seeing that I am not the son of a cannibal; but you are out of your own father's books, and it's too often shoal water in your pockets to help any one; more especially since you have just been spliced to a pretty young body, that will want all your spare coppers."

"But I am master of my own fortune," said Griffith, "and am rich."

"Ay, ay, I have heard it said you could build a frigate and set her afloat all a-taunt-o without thrusting your hand into any man's purse but your own!"

"And I pledge you the honor of a naval officer," continued the young sailor, "that she shall want for nothing; not even the care and tenderness of a dutiful son."

Boltrope appeared to be choking; he made an attempt to raise his exhausted frame on the couch, but fell back exhausted and dying, perhaps a little prematurely, through the powerful and unusual emotions that were struggling for utterance. "God forgive me my misdeeds!" he at length said, "and chiefly for ever speaking a word against your discipline; remember

the best bower, and look to the slings of the lower yards—and—and—he'll do it Dickey, he'll do it! I'm casting off the fasts of life; and so God bless ye all, and give ye good weather, going large or on a bowline!"

The tongue of the master failed him, but a look of heart-felt satisfaction gleamed across his rough visage, as its muscles suddenly contracted, when the faded lineaments slowly settled into the appalling stiffness of death.

Griffith directed the body to be removed to the apartment of the master, and proceeded with a heavy heart to the upper deck. The Alacrity had been unnoticed during the arduous chase of the frigate, and favoured by day-light, and her light draught of water, she had easily effected her escape also among the mazes of the shoals. She was called down to her consort by signal, and received the necessary instructions how to steer during the approaching night. The British ships were now only to be faintly discovered, like small white specks on the dark sea, and as it was known that a broad barrier of shallow water lay

between them, the Americans no longer regarded their presence as at all dangerous.

When the necessary orders had been given, and the vessels were fully prepared, they were once more brought up to the wind, and their heads pointed in the direction of the coast of Holland. The wind, which freshened towards the decline of day, hauled round with the sun, and when that luminary retreated from the eye, so rapid had been the progress of the mariners, it seemed to sink in the bosom of the ocean, the land having long before settled into its watery bed. All night the frigate continued to dash through the seas with a sort of sullen silence that was soothing to the melancholy of Cecilia and Katherine, neither of whom closed an eye during that gloomy period. In addition to the scene they had witnessed, their feelings were harrowed by the knowledge that in conformity to the necessary plans of Griffith, and in compliance with the new duties he had assumed, they were to separate in the morning for an indefinite period, and possibly for ever.

With the appearance of light, the boatswain sent his rough summons through the vessel, and the crew were collected in solemn silence in her gang-ways to bury the dead. The bodies of Boltrope, of one or two of her inferior officers, and of several common men, who had died of their wounds in the night, were committed to the deep, with the usual formalities, when the yards of the ship were again braced by the wind, and she glided along the trackless waste, leaving no memorial in the midst of the ever rolling waters to mark the place of their sepulture.

When the sun had gained the meridian, the vessels were once more hove-to, and the preparations were made for a final separation. The body of Colonel Howard was transferred to the Alacrity, whither it was followed by Griffith and his cheerless bride, while Katherine hung fondly from a window of the ship, suffering her own scalding tears to mingle with the brine of the ocean. After every thing was arranged, Griffith waved his hand to Barnstable, who had now succeeded to the command of the

frigate, and the yards of the latter were braced sharp to the wind, when she proceeded to the dangerous experiment of forcing her way to the shores of America, by attempting the pass of the straights of Dover, and running the gauntlet through the English ships that crowded their own channel; an undertaking, however, for which she had the successful example of the Alliance frigate, which had borne the stars of America along the same hazardous path but a few months previously.

In the meanwhile the Alacrity, steering more to the west, drew in swiftly towards the shores of Holland, and about an hour before the setting of the sun, had approached so nigh as to be once more hove into the wind, in obedience to the mandate of Griffith. A small light boat was lowered into the sea, when the young sailor and the Pilot, who had found his way into the cutter unheeded and almost unseen, ascended from the small cabin together. The stranger glanced his eyes along the range of coast, as if he would ascertain the exact position of the vessel, and then turned

them on the sea and the western horizon to scan the weather. Finding nothing in the appearance of the latter to induce him to change his determination, he offered his hand frankly to Griffith, and said—

"Here we part; as our acquaintance has not led to all we wished, let it be your task, Sir, to forget we ever met."

Griffith bowed respectfully, but in silence, when the other continued, shaking his hand contemptuously towards the land—

"Had I but a moiety of the navy of that degenerate republic, the proudest among those haughty islanders should tremble in his castle, and be made to feel there is no security against a foe that trusts his own strength and knows the weakness of his enemy! But," he muttered in a lower and more hurried voice, "this has been like Liverpool, and—Whitehaven—and Edinburgh, and fifty more! it is past, Sir; let it be forgotten."

Without heeding the wondering crew, who were collected as curious spectators of his departure, the stranger bowed hastily

to Griffith, and springing into the boat, he spread her light sail with the readiness of one who had nothing to learn even in the smallest matters of his daring profession. Once more, as the boat moved briskly away from the cutter, he waved his hand in adieu, and Griffith fancied, that even through the distance, he could trace a smile of bitter resignation, lighting his calm features with a momentary gleam. For a long time the young man stood an abstracted gazer at his solitary progress, watching the small boat as it glided towards the open ocean, nor did he remember to order the head sheets of the Alacrity to be drawn, in order to put the vessel again in motion, until the dark speck was lost in the strong glare that fell obliquely across the water from the setting sun.

Many wild and extraordinary conjectures were uttered among the crew of the cutter, as she slowly drew in towards her friendly haven, on the appearance of the mysterious Pilot, during their late hazardous visit to the coast of Britain, and on his still more extraordinary disappearance, as it

were, amid the stormy wastes of the North Sea. Griffith himself was not seen to smile, nor to manifest any other evidence of his being a listener to their rude discourse, until it was loudly announced that a small boat was seen pressing for their own harbour across the fore foot of the cutter, under a single lug-sail. Then, indeed, the sudden and cheerful lighting of his troubled eye might have betrayed, to more accurate observers, the vast relief that was imparted to his feelings, by the interesting discovery.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Come all you kindred Chieftains of the deep!
> In mighty phalanx, round your brother bend;
> Hush every murmur that invades his sleep—
> And guard the laurels that o'ershade your friend!
>
> *Lines on Tripp.*

Here, perhaps, it would be wise to suffer the curtain of our imperfect drama to fall before the reader, trusting that the imagination of every individual can readily supply the due proportions of health, wealth, and happiness, that the rigid rules of poetic justice would award to the different characters of the legend. But as we are not disposed to part so coldly from those with whom we have long held amicable intercourse, and as there is no portion of that in reservation which is not quite as true as all that has been already related, we see no unanswerable reason for dismissing the dramatis personæ so abruptly. We shall, therefore, proceed to state

briefly, the outlines of what befell them in after-life, regretting, at the same time, that the legitimate limits of a modern tale will not admit of such a dilation of many a merry or striking scene, as might create the pleasing hope of beholding hereafter, some more of our rude sketches quickened into life, by the spirited pencil of Dunlap.

Following the course of the frigate, then, towards those shores, from which, perhaps, we should never have suffered our truant pen to have wandered, we shall commence the brief task with Barnstable, and his laughing, weeping, gay, but affectionate bride—the black-eyed Katherine. The ship fought her way gallantly, through swarms of the enemy's cruisers, to the port of Boston, where Barnstable was rewarded for his services by promotion, and a more regular authority to command his vessel.

During the remainder of the war, he continued to fill that station with ability and zeal, nor did he return to the dwelling of his fathers, which he soon inherited, by

regular descent, until after peace had established not only the independence of his country, but his own reputation, as a brave and successful sea-officer. When the Federal Government laid the foundation of its present navy, Captain Barnstable was tempted by the offer of a new commission to desert his home; and for many years he was employed among that gallant band of seamen who served their country so faithfully in times of trial and high daring. Happily, however, he was enabled to accomplish a great deal of the more peaceful part of his service accompanied by Katherine, who, having no children, easily profited by his consent, to share his privations and hardships on the ocean. In this manner they passed merrily, and we trust happily, down the vale of life together, Katherine entirely discrediting the ironical prediction of her former guardian, by making, every thing considered, a very obedient, and certainly, so far as attachment was concerned, a most devoted wife.

The boy Merry, who in due time became a man, clung to Barnstable and Katherine, so long as it was necessary to hold him in leading strings, and when he received his regular promotion, his first command was under the shadow of his kinsman's broad pendant. He proved to be in his meridian, what his youth had so strongly indicated, a fearless, active, and reckless sailor, and his years might have extended to this hour, had he not fallen untimely, in a duel with a foreign officer.

The first act of Captain Manual, after landing once more on his native soil, was to make interest to be again restored to the line of the army. He encountered but little difficulty in this attempt, and was soon in possession of the complete enjoyment of that which his soul had so long pined after, "a steady drill." He was in time to share in all the splendid successes which terminated the war, and also to participate in his due proportion of the misery of the army. His merits were not forgotten, how-

ever, in the re-organization of the forces, and he followed both St. Clair and his more fortunate successor, Wayne, in the western campaigns. About the close of the century, when the British made their tardy relinquishment of the line of posts along the frontiers, Captain Manual was ordered to take charge, with his company, of a small stockade on our side of one of those mighty rivers, that set bounds to the territories of the Republic in the north. The British flag was waving over the ramparts of a more regular fortress, that had been recently built, directly opposite, within the new lines of the Canadas. Manual was not a man to neglect the observances of military etiquette, and understanding that the neighbouring fort was commanded by a field officer, he did not fail to wait on that gentleman, in proper time, with a view to cultivate the sort of acquaintance that their mutual situations would render not only agreeable, but highly convenient. The American martinet, in ascertaining the rank of the other, had not deemed it

at all necessary to ask his name, but when the red-faced, comical-looking officer with one leg, who met him, was introduced as Major Borroughcliffe, he had not the least difficulty in recalling to recollection his quondam acquaintance of St. Ruth. The intercourse between these worthies was renewed with remarkable gusto, and at length arrived to so regular a pass, that a log cabin was erected on one of the islands in the river, as a sort of neutral territory, where their feastings and revels might be held without any scandal to the discipline of their respective garrisons. Here the qualities of many a saddle of savory venison were discussed, together with those sundry pleasant fowls, as well as divers strange beasts that inhabit those western wilds, while, at the same time, the secret places of the broad river were searched, that nothing might be wanting that could contribute to the pleasures of their banquets. A most equitable levy was regularly made on their respective pockets, to sustain the foreign expences of this amicable warfare, and a suitable division of labour was also im-

posed on the two Commandants, in order to procure such articles of comfort as were only to be obtained from those portions of the globe, where the art of man had made a nearer approach to the bounties of nature, than in the vicinity of their fortifications. All liquids, in which malt formed an ingredient, as well as the deep-coloured wines of Oporto, were suffered to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were made to find their way, under the superintendance of Borroughcliffe, to their destined goal; but Manual was, solely, entrusted with the more important duty of providing the generous liquor of Madeira, without any other restriction on his judgment, than an occasional injunction from his coadjutor, that it should not fail to be the product of the "South Side!"

It was not unusual for the younger officers of the two garrisons to allude to the battle in which Major Borroughcliffe had lost his limb—the English ensign invariably whispering to the American on such occasions that it occurred during the late contest, in a desperate affair on the North

Eastern coast of their island, in which the Major commanded, in behalf of his country, with great credit and signal success; and for which service he obtained his present rank "without purchase!" A sort of national courtesy prevented the two veterans, (for by this time both had earned that honourable title,) from participating at all in these delicate allusions; though whenever, by any accident, they occurred near the termination of the revels, Boroughcliffe would so far betray his consciousness of what was passing, as to favour his American friend with a leer of singular significance, which generally produced in the other that sort of dull recollection, which all actors and painters endeavour to represent by scratching the head. In this manner year after year rolled by, the most perfect harmony existing between the two posts, notwithstandiug the angry passions that disturbed their respective countries, when an end was suddenly put to the intercourse by the unfortunate death of Manual. This rigid observer of discipline, never trusted his person on the neutral

island without being accompanied by a party of his warriors, who were posted as a regular picquet, sustaining a suitable line of sentries; a practice which he also recommended to his friend, as being highly conducive to discipline, as well as a salutary caution against a surprise on the part of either garrison. The Major, however, dispensed with the formality in his own behalf, but was sufficiently good-natured to wink at the want of confidence it betrayed in his boon companion. On one unhappy occasion, when the discussions of a new importation had made a heavy inroad on the morning, Manual left the hut to make his way towards his picquet, in such a state of utter mental aberration, as to forget the countersign when challenged by a sentinel, and, melancholy to relate, he met his death by a shot from a soldier, whom he had drilled to such an exquisite state of insensibility, that the man cared but little whether he killed friend or enemy, so long as he kept within military usage, and the hallowed limits established by the articles of war. He lived long enough, however, to commend

the fellow for the deed, and died while delivering an eulogium to Borroughcliffe, on the high state of perfection to which he had brought his command!

About a year before this melancholy event, a quarter cask of wine had been duly ordered from the south side of the Island of Madeira, which was, at the death of Manual, toiling its weary way up the rapids of the Mississippi and the Ohio, having been made to enter by the port of New Orleans, with the intention of keeping it as long as possible under a genial sun. The untimely fate of his friend imposed on Borroughcliffe the necessity of attending to this precious relic of their mutual tastes; and he procured a leave of absence from his superior, with the laudable desire to proceed down the streams and superintend its farther advance in person. The result of his zeal was a high fever, that set in the day after he reached his treasure; and as the Doctor and the Major espoused different theories in treating a disorder so dangerous in that climate,—the one advising abstemiousness, and the other administer-

ing repeated draughts of the cordial that had drawn him so far from home, the disease was left to act its pleasure. Borroughcliffe died in three days, and was carried back and interred by the side of his friend, in the very hut which had so often resounded with their humours and festivities. We have been thus particular in relating the sequel of the lives of these rival chieftains, because, from their want of connexion with any kind heart of the other sex, no widows and orphans were left to lament their several ends; and furthermore, as they were both mortal, and might be expected to die at a suitable period, and yet did not terminate their career until each had attained the mature age of threescore, the reader can find no just grounds of dissatisfaction at being allowed this deep glance into the womb of fate.

The chaplain abandoned the seas in time to retrieve his character, a circumstance which gave no little satisfaction to Katherine, who occasionally annoyed her worthy husband on the subject of the informality of their marriage.

Griffith and his mourning bride conveyed the body of Colonel Howard in safety to one of the principal towns in Holland, where it was respectfully and sorrowfully interred; after which the young man removed to Paris, with a view of erasing the sad images, which the hurried and melancholy events of the few preceding days had left on the mind of his lovely companion.—From this place Cecilia held communion, by letter, with her friend Alice Dunscombe, and such suitable provision was made in the affairs of her late uncle as the times would permit. Afterwards, when Griffith obtained the command which had been offered him, before sailing on the cruise in the North Sea, they returned together to America. The young man continued a sailor, until the close of the war, when he entirely withdrew from the ocean, and devoted the remainder of his life to the conjoint duties of a husband and a good citizen.

As it was easy to reclaim the estate of Colonel Howard, which, in fact, had been abandoned more from pride than necessity,

and which had never been confiscated, their joint inheritances made the young couple extremely affluent; and we shall here take occasion to say, that Griffith remembered his promise to the dying master, and saw such a provision made for the childless mother, as her situation and his character required.

It might have been some twelve years after the short cruise, which it has been our task to record in these volumes, that Griffith, who was running his eyes carelessly over a file of newspapers, was observed by his wife to drop the bundle from before his face, and pass his hand slowly across his brow, like a man who had been suddenly struck with renewed impressions of some former event, or who was endeavouring to recall to his mind images that had long since faded.

"See you any thing in that paper, to disturb you, Griffith?" said the still lovely Cecilia. "I hope that now we have our confederate government, the States will soon recover from their losses—but it is one of those plans to create a new navy, that

has met your eye! Ah! truant! you sigh to become a wanderer again, and pine after your beloved ocean!"

"I have ceased sighing and pining since you have begun to smile," he returned with a vacant manner, without removing his hand from his brow.

"Is not the new order of things, then, likely to succeed? does the Congress enter into contention with the President?"

"The wisdom and name of Washington will smooth the way for the experiment, until time shall mature the system. Cecilia, do you remember the man who accompanied Manual and myself to St. Ruth, the night we became your uncle's prisoners, and who afterwards led the party which liberated us and rescued Barnstable?"

"Surely I do; he was the pilot of your ship, it was then said; and I remember the shrewd soldier we entertained, even suspected that he was one greater than he seemed."

"The soldier surmised the truth: but you saw him not on that fearful night, when he carried us through the shoals and

you could not witness the calm courage with which he guided the ship into those very channels again, while the confusion of battle was among us!"

"I heard the dreadful din! And I can easily imagine the horrid scene," returned his wife, her recollections chasing the colour from her cheeks even at that distance of time; "but what of him? Is his name mentioned in those papers? Ah! they are English prints! you called his name Gray, if I remember?"

"That was the name he bore with us! he was a man who had formed romantic notions of glory, and wished every thing concealed in which he acted a part that he thought would not contribute to his renown; it has been, therefore, in compliance with a solemn promise made at the time, that I have ever avoided mentioning his name—He is now dead!"

"Can there have been any connexion between him and Alice Dunscombe?" said Cecilia, dropping her work in her lap, in a thoughtful manner.—"She met him alone, at her own urgent request, the night Ka-

therine and myself saw you in your confinement, and even then my cousin whispered, that they were acquainted! The letter I received yesterday, from Alice, was sealed with black, and I was pained with the melancholy, though gentle manner, in which she wrote of passing from this world into another!"

Griffith glanced his eye at his wife, with a look of sudden intelligence, and then answered like one who began to see with the advantages of a clearer atmosphere.

"Cecilia, your conjecture is surely true! Fifty things rush to my mind with that one surmise—his acquaintance with that particular spot—his early life—his expedition—his knowledge of the abbey, all confirm it! He was a man indeed of marked character!"

"Why has he not been among us?" asked Cecilia, "he appeared devoted to our cause."

"His devotion to America proceeded from desire of distinction, his ruling passion, and perhaps a little also from resentment at some injustice which he is said to

have suffered from his own countrymen.—He was a man, and not therefore without foibles; among which may have been reckoned the estimation of his own acts; but they were most daring, and deserving of praise! neither did he merit one half the obloquy that he received from his enemies.—His love of liberty may be more questionable; for if he commenced his deeds in the cause of these free States, they terminated in the service of a despot!—He is now dead,—but had he lived in times and under circumstances, when his consummate knowledge of his profession, his cool, deliberate, and even desperate courage could have been exercised in a regular and well-supported Navy, and had the habits of his youth better qualified him to have borne meekly, the honors he acquired in his age, he would have left behind him no name in its lists that would have descended to the latest posterity of his adopted countrymen with greater renown!"

"Why Griffith," exclaimed Cecilia, in a little surprise, "you are zealous in his cause! Who was he?"

"A man who held my promise of secrecy while living, which is not at all released by his death. It is enough to know, that he was greatly instrumental in procuring our sudden union, and that our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown pilot of the German Ocean."

Perceiving her husband rise, and carefully collect the papers in a bundle, before he left the room, Cecilia made no further remark at the time, nor was the subject ever revived between them.

THE END.

LONDON:
SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.